THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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GAELS AT THE GOAL.

Magnificent Hurling Match Between the Innisfail and Davitt Athletic Clubs in This City Last Sunday.

The Noble and Valor Producing Irish National Game Played in a Manner that Would Have Rejoiced the Heart of King Brian Boru!

The much-talked-of hurling match for the championship of Illinois, and a set of gold medals valued at $300, came off on Sunday last, April 24, at the grounds corner of Lincoln and Polk streets, and once again has victory perched upon the banner of the Innisfails, they having succeeded in defeating the Davitt team by a score of 1 goal and 3 points to 5 points. There was a very large concourse of lovers of the grand old game present, among them being hundreds who had participated in championship matches with the crack Gaelic clubs of Ireland, and it was the universal opinion expressed among those good judges of hurling that they witnessed as fine an exhibition of the game on last Sunday as they ever did before. And surely it might be expected that in Chicago, where so many fine specimens of young Irish manhood have recently arrived, there could be brought together two teams of expert hurlers as good as could be gathered anywhere on earth, and the forty-two athletes who handled their camans so scientifically last Sunday were a credit to their old birth land and the race from which they sprang.

At 2:15 o'clock, when the men lined up in the center of the field, their splendid physique elicited several rounds of applause, it being at once noticed that the Davitts were the largest and heaviest, but the Innisfails looked as though they'd make up in swiftness, activity, and science what they lacked in weight, and future events verified that opinion as correct. Capt. Thomas O'Neill Jones of the Emmets was chosen referee, and Bernard O'Mahoney of the Emeralds, and Edward Walsh of the O'Connells, acted as umpires. When the ball was thrown in there ensued the liveliest scene that was ever witnessed outside of Ireland, and no wonder that those who never saw a hurling match before opened their eyes with astonishment. The ball was worked up to the Davitt goal, only to be sent flying back to mid field—now up near the Innisfail goal—again over in Davitt territory—flying back and forth, and all over the field, while the spectators quivered with excitement, and told each other they had never seen such a spirited contest. At length after ten minutes fast and furious play the Davitts scored their first point, and were cheered to the echo by their admirers in the audience. When the Innisfail goal-keeper hit out the ball his comrades of the team seemed to redouble their energy, and were not long in making things even by sending the ball over the Davitt posts, thus gaining their side a point also, and then their sympathizers had a turn at cheering. Thus matters continued, the play being very swift and exciting, several of both teams being thrown as they came in contact during their wild rush for the ball; still every one displayed the very best of good nature, and the first half hour ended with the teams exactly even, each having scored 2 points.

After five minutes rest the teams lined up again, and when the ball was thrown in they seemed to play with more determined vigor than before, and it took the Innisfails but a very short time to score a point. Then the Davitts scored one for their side. Both sides were still even, and the crowd fairly wild with excitement, but soon the tide seemed to turn in favor of the Davitts, and they scored two more points, giving them the lead, and things began to look rather gloomy for the Innisfails, as the game was getting toward its close and something had to be done right away. Suddenly the shout of "a goal or nothing" was raised, and passed like an electric shock from goal-keeper to the extreme forward. It seemed to galvanize new exertion into the Innisfails, they chased and smashed the ball with redoubled energy, soon had it well up towards the Davitt goal, pressed forward undauntedly and impetuously, and, while pieces of broken hurleys flew in the air, and in spite of the most gallant defense, forced the ball between the goal posts and under the cross-bar, thus winning the only goal made during the game. Then hats and hurleys flew in the air, and for awhile the cheers of the Innisfails and their sympathizers were deafening. Neither side scored after that, and so the most splendid hurling contest ever seen outside of Ireland ended with the score as stated above, leaving the Innisfail hurling team in undisputed possession of the title of champions of Illinois, and each individual member the proud possessor of a gold medal emblematic of the same.

The Innisfails wish it distinctly understood that they stand ready at all times to meet any club in Illinois, or even outside it, who wish to dispute their claim to the championship at hurling, and they also stand ready to meet any of the numerous football clubs for the same title, and some trophy worthy of the occasion.

The members of the hurling team who won the championship last Sunday are: Goal-keeper, John Conway; full-backs, Patrick Sexton, Patrick McSweeney; half-backs, Denis Halvey, Michael Laren, Patrick Fitzpatrick; captain and rover, Mich'l O'Connell; left-wing, Thomas MacNamara, Michael Drowney, Tim Clogan; right-wing, Edward O'Reilly, James Whalen, James O'Callaghan; forwards, Thos. Naughton, Michael Whalen, John O'Callaghan, Justin White, Michael McCarthy; extreme forwards, Timothy O'Sullivan, Edward Gleason and John Kerr.

The Davitt team was composed as follows: Goal-keeper, J. Benton; full-backs, T. Howe, M. Cronin, D. Ahern; half-backs, M. Ryan, F. J. Ryan, M. O'Rourke, T. Cronin; left-wing, J. Lenehan, J. Ryan; right-wing, J. Morrisey, J. Hayes; centre, J. Hanley, M. Goodley, T. Hogan; forward, Capt. J. F. Furlong, M. Lehane; extreme forwards, P. McGrath, M. Flynn, E. Ahern.

IRISH NEWS.

A clerk named John Fitzpatrick, residing at Chapelizod, committed suicide on Saturday week by shooting himself through the head.

On Sunday fortnight a corkcutter named Connor, Thomas street, Dublin, was arrested on a charge of murdering his wife. To escape his alleged violence she jumped out of a window, breaking her neck.

The sentence of death passed upon Joseph Joyce, butcher's porter, for suddenly murdering Mr. O'Leary, a fish merchant, in Cork Fish Market, has been commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

The town commissioners of Midleton, Tullamore, Athy, Westport, and Mallow have passed resolutions expressing disapproval of Mr. Jackson's Education bill, because it fails to make any provision for the Christian Brothers. A large and influentially attended public meeting at Mitchelstown made a similar declaration.

At the recent Carlow quarter sessions Dr. Darley, Q C., county court judge, congratulated the grand jury upon the fact that the calendar was blank and the county in a very satisfactory state. He was presented with a pair of white gloves. A similar presentation was made to Judge Waters at Waterford.

A spirit of contemptible intolerance and bigotry was shown by the Tory majority of the South Dublin union at their last meeting. In a number of cases the Catholics on the dispensary committee were removed at the instigation of Mr. John Byrne backed up by Capt. Boyd.

At the fortnightly meeting of the United Trades Council and Labor League in Dublin an important discussion took place upon the importation of bottles from foreign countries. A check for £50 toward the library of the Trades Council, Capel street, was received from Lord Iveagh.

A shocking tragedy occurred in Belfast recently. Allan Spiller, a gunsmith out of work, cut the throats of his wife and two children in a great garret at their residence in Hillman street, then battered in his wife's skull with a coal hammer, and next proceeded, with blood stained hands, to the nearest police borrack to report the crime. It is believed that the man is insane.

Dr. Webb, Q C, county court judge of Donegal, addressing the grand jury at the late quarter sessions at Letterkenny, congratulated them on there being no criminal business to go before them. He did not think there was any county in Ireland to compare with Donegal for the peacefulness of its inhabitants (applause by the grand jury) His Honor was then presented with the white gloves.

Irish cattle dealers are much indebted to Mr. Thomas Sexton for his efforts in having removed the anomalous restrictions in regard to the exportation of Irish cattle to Scotland. In spite of an inexplicable reason put forward by Mr. Chaplin, minister of agriculture, for the prevention of cattle entering certain districts in Scotland, Mr. Sexton has forced these restrictions to be removed, at least in the case of Forfar and Fifeshire, and cattle can now be shipped via Ayr to those places.

A strike in the building trades of Cork is impending. Three months ago the trades identified with the building intimated in a formal notice that on and after May 1 the hour for commencing work should be 7 a.m. instead of 6, and knocking off time 6 p. m., and 2 p. m. on Saturdays. The Builders' Association had the matter under consideration, and they have replied demanding certain concessions in return for reducing the working hours.

A parliamentary paper just issued states that during the month of February there were 231 loans sanctioned under the Land acts of 1885 and 1888, amounting to £77,864, the number of loans issued being 527, amounting to £153,882, and the number of loans applied for being nil. There were 473 loans, amounting to £192,692, applied for under the Land act of 1891 to the end of February last. The number applied for in that month being 180, amounting to £62,436. There were eight loans, amounting to £6,136, sanctioned to the end of February last, but no loans were issued.

The Countess of Aberdeen presided last week at the annual meeting of the Irish Industries Association, and delivered an able and interesting speech of considerable length. She stated that £800 was made by the sale of work at Londonderry House, in London, a few days ago, which Lady Londonderry had kindly placed at the disposal of the London depot committee, and gave details of what had been done by herself and others during her visit to America with Lord Aberdeen towards securing a good place for Irish work at the Chicago Exhibition. Among the other speakers at the meeting were the Hon. Horace Plunkett, Lady Fingall, Bishop Donnelly, Mgr. Molloy, Prof. Perceval Wright, and Sir Thomas Brady. Lady Aberdeen has also made a number of purchases on her own behalf and on behalf of Mrs. Gladstone at the depot of the Irish Industries Association. It is stated that her ladyship has received a letter from Cardinal Gibbons wishing her success in her efforts, and asking her to have made for him in Ireland a set of vestments for the cathedral in Baltimore.

The remains of the late Lord Leitrim—who died of diphtheria, contracted by watching at the bedside of his sick son—were interred on Monday week. Lord Leitrim had done a great deal to redeem his name from the odium cast on it by his predecessor. His death is a blow to enterprise in county Donegal. Lord Leitrim was a man of energy and business capacity, and had projected great things for the districts in which his Donegal property is situated. Only the other month his scheme for attracting tourist and other traffic to the neighborhood of the beautiful and too little known Downing's Bay was the subject of commending criticism. He had, too, done something to develop steam traffic in Donegal waters, and meant to do much more.—*Irish Catholic.*

MATRIMONIAL.

CAHILL-O'ROURKE.

One of the most fashionable weddings of the past week was that of Miss Mary O'Rourke to Mr. William Cahill, both of Chicago, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Charles O'Rourke, No. 206 DeKoven street. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Weinman, S. J., in the Church of the Holy Family, on West Twelfth street, at 9 o'clock mass on Thursday April 21st, in the presence of a great many of their friends. The church was handsomely decorated. The bride was most becomingly attired in white silk and lace, and carried a large bouquet of bridal roses, Miss Annie Burns and Mr. Edward Glackin acting as bridesmaid and groomsman. The presents were handsome and numerous. After a very pleasant evening in the company of their many friends the happy couple departed on a short trip. After their return they will be at home to their friends at 5111 S. Halsted street, on Wednesdays, from 2 to 4 p. m., after May 16. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. M. Layden, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Nathan Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. B. Skinner, Miss A. Konan, Miss M. Hickey, Miss Switzer, Mr. M. Cahill, Mr. W. Dalton and Mr. W. O'Connell.

Art in Chicago.

"There are people in New England who need to be told that it is not just or right to represent the great capital of the West, with its million people, as a city utterly devoted to the materialities, living in the pell-mell of private greeds, with no organized or considerable intellectual life, and no real or creative sympathy with the things that make for the ideal advance of mankind," says Edwin D. Mead in the Editors' Table in the May *New England Magazine*.

"It is not true of Chicago—it is as every man who is not ignorant knows, ridiculously untrue—that 'her public spirit is still unborn,' that only from the 'next generation' of her people can we expect large benefactions for the good of the community, or that the vulgar ignoramus who cries out in a public meeting that Chicago 'Don't want no art; she'll have a hundred acres of a cattle show, and Paris didn't have no cattle show,' is to be taken as a representative of the men who lead the life of Chicago today, the men who have secured for her the World's Fair, and who will direct it. These men have even thought something of a department of 'art.' For art is one of the things that Chicago *does* want. She has a better public art collection today, when she is not yet sixty years old, than Boston had twenty years ago, at the age of two hundred and forty years. Her Art institute is one of the most beautiful buildings in the country; it is already too small for the demands upon it, and the corner-stone of a magnificent new museum, to cost half a million dollars, will be laid the present year. The great art school which has its headquarters at the Art Institute, and whose excellence is presumably certified by the fact that a Massachusetts man, Mr. French, a brother of the talented Concord sculptor, is at its head, has not room enough to accommodate all the students who throng to it—in greater numbers than those in attendance upon Boston's own chief art school—but swells over into adjoining buildings."

A Lucky Escape.

Fortunate is the man or woman residing in a malaria-ridden locality who escapes the dreaded scourge. Not one in a thousand does. When the endemic is a periodical and wide spread visitation, it is just as common to see whole communities suffering from it as single individuals. The most vigorous constitution is not proof against it—how much less a system feeble or disordered. As a means of protection against malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the supreme medicinal agent. It will uproot any form of malarial disease implanted in the system, and even in regions where miasmatic complaints are most malignant and deadly, such as the Isthmus of Panama, Guatemala and the tropics generally, it is justly regarded as an efficient safeguard. No less efficacious is it as a curative and preventive of chronic indigestion, liver trouble, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints and la grippe.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 126 West Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for al organizations.

CHURLISH CRANKS.

They are not Always Men, for Women Sometimes Take a Hand, Even With Members of Their Own Sex.

Eleanor Kirk's Reward for Attempting to do a Kindness to a High Nosed Dame Who Railed Upon the Car Conductor.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 25—"I have learned from a bitter experience never to allow an opportunity to pass of speaking a kind word to friend or stranger. I have also learned by the same practical and never-to-be-forgotten means that an unkind word spoken of a person to any one will just as surely react upon the speaker as sparks are sure to fly upward."

These lessons seemed in my opinion two of the most important ones that could possibly be learned, and I wondered as I listened to the sweet pathetic stories that fell from this woman's lips, if it were not well worth while to suffer all the pain that had fallen to her lot if by so doing one could attain to her position in these regards.

Now, I am not a believer in total depravity, but there is something very mean and small in human nature—at least there is in my human nature—and as I do not want to feel myself the only sinner, I am fain to include others in the category. Let me give an instance. It is easy enough to say the kind word when one asks for it, or when one feels that it will be welcome, but it is not simple when there is no apparent desire, and when the attitude is more hostile than approachable. After I had listened to my friend's thrilling experiences I fully made up what I am pleased to call my mind, that I would speak the word under all circumstances, and if it was not well received I would neither be insulted nor cast down. "It will help somebody," she said, "and will please the invisible ones who are at all times about us."

The friends who have listened to my preaching from week to week will perhaps be surprised to be told that while I do not object to be spoken to by strangers I have a foolish aversion to speaking to them first. In traveling I am always glad if my companions are inclined to be social, but I cannot bear to make the first advances. In cases of illness or apparent sadness or loneliness I always thrust this feeling one side as entirely unworthy, and do my duty with unvarying good results.

The day after the above mentioned interview as I was coming uptown on a Gates avenue car, a middle aged, handsomely dressed, austere looking woman sat at my left, who seemed a stranger in the city. She glanced nervously at every crossing, scanning the lamp-posts for the names of the streets. Here is a chance, said I to my shrinking other self, to say the kind word that shall calm this traveler's perturbed spirit. So bracing up to the situation, I remarked in my most affable tones——"If you will tell me where you want to get out I will be happy to direct you!"

My companion turned, and after looking me over haughtily from head to foot, replied, "If I required your services I should ask for them. The conductor has me in charge."

I suppose I ought to be ashamed to say that I was rejoiced when a fat man opposite burst out laughing, and also when I found that the conductor had taken his charge three long blocks past the right avenue. O! such poor stuff are we made, or rather am I made. It would have been a comfort at this aggravating moment to have known how the invisible ones regarded this rather discouraging episode, and if the kind words I tried to say were not lost, where they are, and what good they did. However, I am not disposed to look on the dark side of this matter or show a pessimistic front in dealing with like situations. I am rather inclined to practice on the women who seem nervous about getting out at the right streets. Perhaps the next one will make up in her affability for the rudeness of the other. But if she doesn't it is none of my business. My business and your business is to speak the word.

"Sufferer" writes that my theory of combating the tendency to consumption, and curing weak lungs by means of hygienic exercises, is totally opposed to the means generally employed by physicians. "They give medicines," she adds, "and rely upon the effect of these drugs to effect a cure."

Our correspondent is thinking of old fogies and not wideawake, scientific doctors. Some of these, according to my idea, prescribe too many doses, but they are all advising sensible people physical exercises. The very best physicians in this country are in accord with me in my desire to arouse the sufferers from pulmonary disorders to the importance of the exercises as laid down in my little ten cent booklet—"The Woman's Way to Health and Beauty." Indeed, scores of physicians have ordered these books and distributed them among their patients, and in every instance they have endorsed my teachings.

Medicine cannot reach cramped lungs. Stopped-up air cells are bound to be diseased, and more tuberculosis has come from this cause than from any other. Proper exercise taken carefully and regularly will open these air cells and expand the lungs, making it possible to oxygenize the blood and establish health in the whole body.

In most of the fashion displays, while one may find mourning and half mourning hats and bonnets, there is very little to attract the middle aged or elderly woman of refined taste. It is pitiful to see the latter sailing along with flowing streamers at the back, and a big bunch of flowers, lace and ribbon at the front or the side. Many women do not know what is becoming, and rely entirely upon the advice of the milliners. They want something stylish and fashionable and so pay round prices for headgear which makes them objects of ridicule whenever they walk abroad.

The new wool fabrics for spring and summer are especially pretty and stylish, and the loveliest carpets can be bought for exceedingly low prices. Terra Cotta Linoleum is now used for bedrooms, and is considered much handsomer and more economical than matting. As dust and dirt cannot sift through it, it is possible to keep it in a perfectly hygienic condition. Soft fur mats dress up this Linoleum beautifully.

The following letter from Miles, Mich., has given me real pleasure:

"MY DEAR MADAM: On receiving my weekly paper I always turn at once and with eager expectancy to the letter from 'Eleanor Kirk.' Long ago I felt like giving you a pat of approval, on your recommendation to a weary woman of a little after dinner nap, before washing her dishes, should she now and then feel the need. I have tried this semi-occasionally with excellent results, one of which was brighter dishes from the hands of a rested dish-washer. I enclose fifty cents for which please send your periodical, *Eleanor Kirk's Idea.* MRS W. G. F."

Every day's mail brings me a so letters that tell of the benefits derived from the exercises in my booklet, and such testimony is more hopeful than words can describe. A very little common sense ought to be sufficient to demonstrate that medicine will not, and cannot, expand and purify cramped and diseased lungs.

Several friends at a distance who have kindly sent me donations for the Actors' Fund Fair, which is to take place the first week in May, in the Madison Square Garden, New York, have asked me to let my readers know whether or not I am satisfied with returns. Well, this is a hard question to answer, and I might as well say at once that I am pleased but not satisfied. The men have not been good to me, and I can't quite understand it, because they are in the habit of being kind. True, I never asked many favors of them, and I did think that when I mentioned this cause they would be quick to put their hands in their pockets. I am referring, of course, to those who could afford to contribute to this beautiful charity. I rather think that this failure is more attributable to my failure as a beggar than to any lack of generosity on the part of those who I hoped, and find now that I really expected would give. But the time is not quite up, and perhaps I may have a better story to tell next time. The women, God bless 'em! have been most kind. I have already received considerable fancy work, and one kind soul from Western New York has sent me a wasp's nest for the "Old Curiosity Shop," which the New York Woman's Press Club will have in the Fair. There is to be a real grandfather, a lovely "Little Nell" and no end of strange and beautiful things.

This idea was evolved by Mrs. Jennie June Croly, who is working with all her might to have the affair a grand success.

Somebody once asked Mr. Beecher after he had made an eloquent plea for some great charity upon which his heart was set, what *he* was going to subscribe. This was the answer:

"The power that will make all you rich fellows empty your pockets and be glad to do so. And this *is* giving, I want you to understand, for I'd rather take a whipping any day than stand up here and beg. If there is a deficit after all is done, then I'll subscribe in hard cash what I can afford."

I tell this story because the other day after I had spent my time and almost lost my breath in the endeavor to convince a millionaire that he'd feel a great deal better here, and probably much better hereafter, if he would write me a check—I am not ashamed to say that I asked for a sizable one—my companion turned on me fiercely with this question:

"And what are *you* going to give?"

I thought of Mr. Beecher at once, and was sure that I knew just how he felt on the occasion mentioned above. My breath had been truly wasted, for Money-Bags cared no more for the Orphanage for the little children of dead actors that the profession hopes to be able to build from this fund, than he cared for the old apple woman on the corner of the street. But I told him what I had given, and when I was through he told me that I had better take care of my health and my money and let other folks look out for themselves. And just think of it! He cannot take a dollar with him on his final trip. I wanted to tell him that there were no pockets in shrouds, but I happened to think that he might prefer a full dress suit for that occasion, and in such case the remark would lack point.

I love to think, that, like Mr. Beecher, I have given the best I have in the way of convincing others that it was their duty to respond. I am happy to know that I have fairly succeeded. I have also promised to contribute as many thousands of my new paper, *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, as can be sold in the six days of the Fair. This paper is electrotyped, and my printer and his presses will stand ready to dash them off at a moment's notice. On the front page will be an interior view of the new Brooklyn theater, the Columbia, and I hope and believe that this big May number will make a lot of money for the Fair, and friends everywhere for the paper.

ELEANOR KIRK.

698 Greene avenue.

The Fatal Split.

[*To the Editor.*]

LAGRANGE, Ill., April 27—The unhappy position of the Irish Parliamentary party, as set forth in THE CITIZEN of last week, causes me to ask, through its columns, if Irish-Americans are entirely blameless for this unhappy state of things. If we, instead of taking sides with the Parnellites, or the anti-Parnellites, or of often using language that was neither decorous nor convincing, had urged upon both factions the absolute necessity (for the sake of the cause) of quiet and dignified submission to the will of the majority, our united action in this regard would have been potent in Ireland, and its good effect in America can hardly be over estimated.

It is deeply to be regretted that Mr. Parnell in his lifetime did not view the situation in this light. Had he done so there could be no doubt as to where his place in history would be; we could proudly refer to him as Ireland's Washington. Yet, for what he has done let us fondly cherish his memory.

I trust it is not too late to correct the mistakes of the past, and hope THE CITIZEN will zealously undertake the mission. "Let us have peace." ROBERT SHARP.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S IMPRISONMENT.

The fearful oppression and despotism of the Russian government are painfully illustrated by the imprisonment of Count Tolstoi for no other offense than the explanation of the reasons for the present famine in his unfortunate country, and his strong indictment of the aristocracy and the privileged classes for their indifference to the sufferings of the peasants, published in the columns of a Moscow newspaper. In this indictment there is nothing which savors of nihilism. No effort is made to incite the people to acts of violence. No complaint is made that the people are not represented in their own government—there is nothing even remotely revolutionary in his statement of the situation. It is only a straightforward and indignant remonstrance against the heartless indifference of the rich to the miseries of the poor.

For this manly utterance, inspired by the resentments of a reformer who has worked unceasingly for the good of his people, who has sacrificed his rank, his privileges, his comforts and his wealth for them, and who has gone among them scattering his benefactions and organizing charities at home and abroad for their relief, aided by his noble wife and daughter, Count Tolstoi has been taken from his field of usefulness and ordered to remain a prisoner on his own estate. His only crime was in administering relief with his own hands which otherwise would have been stolen by corrupt officials, and in charging the aristocracy with the responsibility for the existing suffering. His offense is even less than that of other victims of Russian despotism. He has not sought to incite violence against the government like the Nihilist leaders. He has not attempted to weaken the faith of the people in Russian ideas like many of his fellow writers, for he is a Russian of the Russians and loyal to his fatherland. He has only sought to mitigate the terrible sufferings of his countrymen, and he has given his time night and day to that task, not sparing himself nor his family, freely spending his own substance, living among the victims of famine, who looked up to him as their savior.

It is noticeable that the czar has confined him upon his own estate. He evidently dared not send him to Siberia or confine him in prison, well knowing that such an act would cause an indignant protest from the whole civilized world. But so far as the people are concerned the edict is hardly less barbarous than if he had thrown him into a dungeon. They have lost their strongest friend, and it will not be surprising if they are plunged into almost blank hopelessness when they learn of this cruel order of the czar that consigns to silence and idleness the man who alone and single handed has done more for them than the government and all its agencies. However much we may criticise Count Tolstoi's theories of social reform no one can doubt his earnestness and honesty of purpose, his kind heart for the poor and oppressed. He has put his theories into practice with more of self-sacrifice and enthusiasm than any other man of his time. He has sacrificed everything which other men deem precious, his rank, his fame, his money, even his ordinary comforts, to save the starving poor, and he has been punished for feeding them and speaking the truth. An additional sorrow has crushed him in the death of his noble wife, who had been his partner and adviser in his beneficent work. The sympathies of all good and merciful men will go out to him in his sorrow and to the victims of famine who are deprived of his kind offices. It is not an encouraging spectacle to the humane people of this country who have been sending ship loads of food to Russia to witness the imprisonment of such a man for exercising the same humanity and explaining the reasons which have made it necessary.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

We are often deceived in the age of people having beautiful and luxuriant hair, not knowing that they use Hall's Hair Renewer to keep gray hairs away.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER X.

Dillon, the noblest viscount of that name,
Ierne's hero, and the Muse's theme,
Lies here, whilst widows and their orphans weep—
Lament our patriot in the shade asleep,
Our tears, alas! can make him no amends—
No sighs recall the dearest of our friends.

The face of Viscount Dillon glowed with pleasure as he shook the hand of his quondam fellow-soldier—the gallant, enterprising, and adventurous young Franco-Gael whose name and fame were soon to be European.

Both men were about the same age—the viscount being 36, only a year older than Lally—and both had together entered the smoke of many a conflict, the former as colonel, the latter as captain serving under him in the same corps of the Brigade—the celebrated Regiment de Dillon. This regiment had been raised in Connacht for James II by Viscount Theobald Dillon (the viscount's grandfather, exiled for his attachment to the Stuart cause), who was assisted in organizing it by his brother-in-law, James O'Mullally, of Tullenadaly Castle—which stood four miles north of Tuam. The latter was uncle to Lally. He accompanied the regiment to France, and fell at the blockade of the Castle of Montmelian, in Savoy. His younger brother, Gerard, was Lally's father.

Full of the same inherent Celtic fire of fight, Dillon and Lally had fought together in the short sharp war of the Polish succession (three or four years previously), being present with their regiment at the cap ure of Kehl; in the midst of the dread melee when Berwick's bayonets burst through the formidable lines of Etlingen, dislodging the 12,000 Germans that defended them; at the siege of Philipsburgh, where the head of their gallant Jacobite commander was swept from his shoulders by a cannon ball; and at the final affair of Clausen. Some months after the termination of the war, le Comte Charles de Dillon, as the French called him, married his Irish cousin german, Lady Frances Dillon, and came over to Ireland. On the death of the Lady's father, Richard, ninth viscount, he had that year (1737) succeeded to the title and estates of the family.

"Welcome—a thousand welcomes, mon ancien camarade!" he exclaimed as he warmly pressed the hand of his lifelong friend. "Why, my dear Lally, who could have thought of seeing *you* in Ireland! Whence have you come?"

"By St. Louis, straight from the county jail," was the laughing reply.

"And this young man—he is a friend of yours, I presume?"

Lally replied in the affirmative and introduced Fergus, who was struck with pleasure and amaze at the singular disclosure he had just witnessed, at learning that the companion of his captivity and escape—this stalwart, intrepid, gentlemanly man, with the sharp eyes and olive complexion—was no other than one of the most gallant and dashing chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

The viscount led the pair into a stately but comfortable apartment, highly furnished in the picturesque French style to which its owner had been accustomed. It was lighted by a blazing fire in an antique grate, and by several wax candles burning in a handsome chandelier that swung sparklingly from the ceiling. Rich rugs and carpets lay under foot, and the walls were covered with wainscotting, gay and gilded; its panels adorned with paintings of children, birds, and flowers, executed in a high style of art. Over the sculptured mantelpiece, with its florid effigies of satyrs and mermaids, hung a highly embellished "family-tree," where on might be read the name of many a remarkable scion of the race, branching down from its founder, the adventurous soldier of fortune, Lochan Diolmhuin, son of the monarch of Erinn who in the sixth century killed his cousin Colman, whom his father had associated with him in the government, and fled to France, where he obtained military service in Aquitaine, and ultimately became ruler of that province by marrying the daughter of its duke. Among others of note, appeared the name of this Diolmhuin's descendant, Sir Henry, ancestor of all the Dillons of Ireland, who came over with the roue Prince John, and got a "grant" of land in Westmeath; and that of the first viscount, Sir Theobald, created such by James I for his services as *sabreur* in the English army in Connacht.

The last faint rays of the winter day stole through the windows and showed thereon the Dillon crest, a demi-lion rampant, and the motto of the house, "Dum spiro spero," worked in stained glass.

Here the trio sat for some time sipping their wine, the viscount and Lally fighting their battles over again, and reviving the memory of many a feat of arms of the Brigade and its members, while O'Ronan listened with much interest to their narratives of "hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach" and other places.

"Your brother Henry, who has succeeded you in command of the regiment, is quite well," said Lally, in response to the inquiries of his late superior officer, "and so are your other brothers, the Knight of Malta, and his lordship the Bishop of Evreux."

"And the commanders of the other regiments of the Brigade—Clare, Roth, and Bulkley—how are they all? Bless me, 'tis only September twelvemonth since I quitted France, and yet it seems to me quite an age."

"Lord Clare is well, and in full expectation of his speedy brevet as maréchal de camp, as Bulkley looks for his as lieutenant-general. Rothe is also well, and all three are enjoying themselves merrily at the court of King Louis, and rather getting themselves, I should say, out of gear But methinks the trumpet will soon call them again to the field, for *entre nous, mon ami*, there's a most ominous war-cloud on the horizon."

"Ha! but small consequences to me—alas that my fighting days are over! How is my honored friend, your father?"

Lally looked pensive and shook his head.

"I wonder you have not heard of his death, my lord; it took place a few months ago."

"Ah! is my brave old brigadier dead!" exclaimed Dillon with an expression of genuine sorrow. "I for one would have predicted a longer life for Sir Gerard, but the ways of Providence are inscrutable Very and very sorry am I to hear this sad tidings. Well, Arthur, I shall ever revere the memory of your worthy sire; he was a brave soldier and a good and true gentleman—no discredit was he to the valiant O'Mullallys!"

"By the way, I have visited the ruins of our old castle of Tullaghnadaly," remarked the other musingly after a pause, "and spent a thoughtful hour in and around that hoary family relic, walking in the footsteps of my ancestors. *Peste!* what odd characters those same ancestors must have been to wear away their lives in such an out-of-the-world place! *Mon dieu!* I should hardly exist there one season!"

"And to exist there now, my dear Lally, under the present circumstances?"

"*Auf!*—my dear viscount, don't mention it!"

And the adventurer shrugged his shoulders in the most approved style of the land of his nativity. Lord Dillon well understood his repugnance to live a "papist" helot in Ireland, where (to quote Macaulay) he "would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who drank 'the glorious and immortal memory.'"

There was a rustle of silk at the door, and both visitors arose to do courteous greeting to Lady Dillon, who now entered —a young, stately, handsome woman, with graceful and winning manner.

The dinner-bell rang shortly afterwards, and the party proceeded to the table. Fergus O'Ronan felt rather awkward and abashed at first on sitting down to satisfy the inner man in the company of my courtly lord and lady, while solemn lacqueys moved about ministering to their wants—to *his!* He who had been all his life used to a rough board and coarse, humble fare, partaken of in a way bordering on primitive, and who had been for the last six months regaled on salty jail porridge, to be now pressed to eat by a fine lady in silk and diamonds, and waited on by those imposing-looking fellows in plush, powder, and gold lace—it was almost incredible. How his mother and Donal Murray and Murty McAndrew would stare on hearing it!

However, a vigorous appetite soon got the better of his confusion, and presently, to his surprise, he found himself remarkably at home, heartily discussing the various viands, and listening with gusto to Lally's store of sparkling anecdote.

Lady Dillon did not follow the peculiarly English custom of retiring at the close of the meal—neither her lord nor her guests were likely to drink themselves under the table—but remained to participate in the conversation.

This turned on the state of Ireland, and as Fergus listened to it he felt that up to the present he had been living in almost Tartarean darkness with regard to the general state of his native land in that year of grace, 1737.

For the reader's fit conception of some of the incidents of this tale, it may be well to go over in brief a few of the topics discussed by the Dillons and their guest, after dinner, at Loughglynn.

In that very year the Duke of Devonshire, a nobleman of immense wealth, had become Viceroy of Ireland. He kept a splendid court and magnificent state, delighting the tradesmen of Dublin with the expenditure thereto necessary, and thus with liberal purse buying up the hearts of what was called the "Irish nation," but which with more truth might be called the Irish colony, consisting as it did of but one-sixth of the people of Ireland. But the duke, like many another lord lieutenant, was a mere puppet, sent over to seduce the people from the doctrines of a "patriot" party in the Irish house of commons who opposed the excessive voting of money to the crown—a party led by Sir Edward O'Brien and his son Lucius, Henry Boyle, and Anthony Malone, and whose favorite toast was "Tottenham in his boots," in celebrations of a victory gained over their opponents by the opportune arrival of a member in boots and spurs who gave the casting vote against the government. The real governor of Ireland was the notorious Dr. Hough Boulter, who had been advanced from the See of Bristol to the primacy of Ireland by the English prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, whose creature he was, and whose system of craft and corruption he implicitly followed. Under him the Irish government became a thing composed of mere cunning sycophants and parasites; and bigotry, intolerance, and tyranny reached their heyday. His energies were chiefly directed towards draining the notional coffers to increase the resources of the "sister kingdom," and towards the suppression of the Catholics. Against these latter the bitterest rancor and virulence of the man were turned. He it was who obtained their disfranchisement, and he it was who laid the foundation of those notorious houses of proselytism, the "Charter Schools."

The great man of the period, the central figure in the little corrupt world of Irish politics, was Jonathan Swift. Circumstances made him a "patriot" and the most popular man in the "colony." An Englishman by instinct and inclination, he contemplated with regret his "exile" in Dublin when he became Dean of St. Patrick's; but once settled in Ireland he became a sore thorn in the side of the insolent and tyrannical oligarchy that cursed the kingdom. The profligate Wharton, the despotic Boulter, Chief Justice Whitshed—the Keogh of the period—Burnet, Allan—each in turn writhed beneath the fierce strokes of his powerful literary flail. Several years had elapsed since his famous "Drapier's Letters" had been published, and he was now in the zenith of his popularity; the Dublin rabble no longer pelted him, and "A health to the Drapier!" was counted one of the most patriotic of toasts.

But he was a most bitter, sardonic, and disdainful enemy of five-sixths of the nation he professed to benefit by his writings. Never a word did he write in condemnation of the atrocious Penal Laws, which his great contemporary and sometime friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, described as worse than all the ten pagan persecutions of the Christians.

A greedy competition for land went on among a class of large graziers, and huge districts were converted into sheep-walks for a supply of wool to the English markets—for the commercial jealousy of England had made laws to prevent its manufacture into cloth *at home*—and the wool had to be landed at one English port—Barnstaple.

In return for the wool England sent over cotton, and the importation was bitterly denounced by the poor Irish tradesmen. Three years previously (1734) the weavers of the Dublin Liberties attacked some shops that sold English manufacture, and a desperate riot ensued in which many were killed and wounded. In the same year, when one Carmody was going to be executed in Cork, the weavers of that city, starving for want of work, got together and deessed the hangman, jailer, and culprit in the abhorred cotton for the solemnity!

The fine old forests of the kingdom were being everywhere cut down, either for the sake of the timber or for the supplying of fuel for smelt furnaces.

The stealing of horses and horned cattle had grown into a science. The Queen's county was the chief abode of the offenders in this way, one of them, Jack Delany, being hanged that year at Maryborough, where the celebrated Charles Dempsey, or Cahir-na-geappul, had closed his checkered career on the scaffald two years previously: the latter was a very prince of cattle thieves.

As has been remarked in a previous chapter, the punishment of death was most appallingly frequent, being inflicted for even the most trivial offenses: in 1734, a poor woman named Jane Dwyer, convicted of "feloniously and secretly picking the pocket of one Edward Read," was publicly executed for the offense in the city of Cork!

The gloom of the penal cloud, combined with the merciless rigor of the law, lay like a blighting curse over the land. The nation lay prostrate and abject beneath the heel and the lash of the oppressor, and hunger, woe, misery, and degradation filled the homes of the great mass of the people. "Whoever travels this country," wrote Swift, "and observes the face of nature, or the face of the habits and dwellings of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where either law, religion, or common humanity is professed." The Catholic lords and gentlemen lived in a state of perpetual worry and alarm; the Catholic peasantry in one of chronic starvation.

But in this dark troubled night of sorrow and slavery there were two classes of the population whose presence and actions were as cheerful rays in the dismal gloom. One was the noble, persecuted priesthood of Erin; the other the Irish bards. Some, indeed, of these minstrels, their spirits broken and tainted by degradation, were ready to harp and rhyme in praise of whatever patron offered, but the generality—honor to them!—were true and high-souled men who kept the sacred fire of patriotism aglow in Irish bosoms throughout that dreary time of bondage. Ardent Jacobites were they, their clairseachs thrilling fierce hatred and bold defiance to the "bodagh Sassenach" as they sang in yearning, hopeful, passionate strains for the return of the Stuart dynasty, for the dawn of a bright and glorious day for "Kathaleen-ny-Houlahan"—sang as Blind William Heffernan sang to the despondING Prince of Ossory—

"Lift up thy drooping head,
Mihal Dhu MacGiolla-Kierin;
Her blood yet boundeth red
Through the myriad veins of Erin
No! no! she is not dead—
Mihal Dhu MacGiolla-Kierin!"

Many a weary, pining heart caught hope and strength from their fiery songs, and not all in vain were their efforts to infuse new life, courage, and energy into down-trodden Erin as she lay prone and helpless at the feet of her oppressors, her tearful hair in the dust and the biting fetters on her limbs.

After the lord and lady of Loughglynn had conversed for about an hour with their their two guests, Lady Dillon invited Fergus to examine the picture-gallery, and her spouse and Lally were left alone.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

A MAN WHO DOUBTS.

[*To the Editor.*]

Seriously and dispassionately considered, is the Bering Sea arbitration business a thing to glory in or rejoice at? In England it is considered a great diplomatic triumph for Salisbury. If so, it must be a defeat for Harrison, Blaine and Sherman. The test to apply is to ask, Which party has gained its object? Evidently, England has. She wanted us to concede the point that the Bering Sea is an open sea, and is not part of the United States territory. We have consented to leave to three foreign governments, every one of whom has an interest as well as England in the "open sea" theory, the decision as to what are our national limits and rights. Every other nation decides these points for itself, or fights to decide them. But we have too many lawyers in congress and the executive department, and they are carried away by the fatuous idea that this question will be decided by legal argument as in the Supreme Court. It is quite certain that legality will not be considered by the arbitrators, but only politics. They will vote according to their own political exigencies. Sweden will not dare to offend her only friend, England; who is also her best customer. Italy is bound to England more closely than to the Dreibund. France may desire to catch seals in Bering Sea, and she has not been especially well treated by America since 1870 In any case, two arbitrators out of three will unquestionably vote for England. This must have been foreseen by Mr. Blaine and the senate when they agreed to the treaty. Why, therefore, should America be proud of this piece of work? If we had do dly declared that those seals were ours, as much as the pheasant on Salisbury's game preserves belong to his lordship, England would not have supported Canada in an invasion of our rights. England can less well afford a war with America than we with her. She might do us some damage, but, by the end of six months, Canada would have disappeared and England would pay us billions of indemnity.

The only possible beneficial outcome of this deplorable matter is for America to warn England that she will be held to account for Canadian insults and wrongs. England must alter her relations with Canada. Either she must control Canada as she controls Ireland, or she must confer more independence on the Dominion. Norway and Hungary are now allowed to have their own consuls and foreign representative; Canada should be allowed the same. And then if Canadians invade American rights England must stand aside while we settle the matter with our saucy neighbors, who will become civil when they know that their security depends on their good behavior. W.

GAELIC POETRY.

Cuireadh.

Tá'n ghealach ag scapadh a glóire
Air fhairrge, sliabh agus silghe,
'S a Mháire, a Mháire, an cóir é
Bheith dúnta mar táir annsa tigh?
O, éirigh, a Mháire Ní Chuirnín,
Tá'n sean-chleg ag fusgairt an naoi;
O, éirigh ó d' thúrna, a mhuirnín,
'Gus tar liom, a stóirín mo chroidhe.

Tá na reulta i m-bógha n-ór neimhe
Ag smigeadh síos orrainn anocht,
'S má táim-se faoi ghruaim no faoi dhuibhe,
Ní liom-sa acht leat-sa an locht.
O, éirigh, a Mháire Ní Chuirnín,
A's feuch air ghlan-reultaibh na h-oidhche,
O, éirigh ó d' thúrna, a mhuirnín,
'Gus tar liom, a stóirín mo chroidhe.

Mar shódaibh tá'n éirdhé air an tálamh,
Is fliuch atá feur agus bláth;
Acht is tirm is tinn, 'gus is folamh
Tá m' chroidhe-se gan fliuchadh do ghrádh.
O, éirigh, a Mháire Ní Chuirnín,
Ní'l sódh air an talamh ná faoi
Chomh dealrach led' shúilibh, a mhuirnín,—
O, tar liom, a stóirín mo chroidhe.

Tá soibhneas air nádúr go h-uile,
Tá gáirdeas a's greann air gach taobh,
Tá bronntanais neimhe 'gs síleadh,
'Gus tusa mar scábhuidhe ag saíomh.
O, éirigh, a Mháire Ní Chuirnín,
Ní órdnighean Dia no'n dlighe
Síor-shaothar do Chrísedúighe, a mhuirnín,—
O, tar liom, a stóirín mo chroidhe.

Tá óige an bhaile i g-cruinniughadh,
Tá'n fidiér ag seinn go binn;
Tá deireadh le foighide gach duine,
'S iad fad-uair ag fanamhuint linn.
O, éirigh, a Mháire Ní Chuirnín
Ní rabhais ag rince le mí;
Och! fág do shean-thúrna, a mhuirnín,
'Gus tar liom, a stóirín mo chroidhe.

Mo mhallacht gach lá a's gach oidhche
Dó'n fhear rinn an cheud túrna mór,
Go raibh sé gan suaimhneas a choidhche,
'S gach deamhan 'san domhan air a thóir.
O, éirigh, a Mháire Ní Chuirnín,
Ní dreach do chaomh-chrotha mar bhí;
O, éirigh ód' thúrna, a mhuirnín,
'Gus tar liom, a stóirín mo chroidhe.

Tá'n ghealach ag soillsiughadh go lonrach,
Tá reulta na h-oidhche soillséir,
A's seolfad thú slán thar an g-cuan leach,
Má's trom leat an dréchd air an bh-feur.
O, éirigh, a Mháire Ní Chuirnín,
Bí trócaireach; déad le mo ghuidhe,
Och! fág do shean-thúrna, a mhuirnín,
'Gus tar liom, a stóirín mo chroidhe!

PADRAIC.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

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We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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Removed — every vestige of Catarrh in the Head, no matter how bad the case, or of how long standing, by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Not only Catarrh itself, but all the troubles that come from it — they're perfectly and permanently cured by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties.

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What more can they say or do to convince you?

Isn't that enough?

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

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[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic is that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of advenure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

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If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 239 Broadway, N. Y. City

THE FOREIGN BUDGET.

News Notes of Interest from Over the Sea.

DEATH OF WILLIAM ASTOR IN PARIS.

He Was the Father of Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton and a Very Wealthy Man—Excitement in Paris Over the Work of Anarchists—A Restaurant Demolished by a Bomb and the Proprietor Killed—Cotton Spinners' Lockout.

LONDON, April 26.—A special from Paris says William Astor of New York, father of Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton, died Monday night of heart failure. William Astor was next to his nephew, William Waldorf Astor, probably the richest citizen of America, his wealth being recently estimated at $60,000,000. He was a brother of the late John Jacob Astor, who died Feb. 22, 1890.

The deceased leaves one son and two married daughters. John Jacob Astor, his son, was married to Miss Willing of Philadelphia a little more than a year ago. His wife has long been prominent in New York society, and has held for many years the undisputed place of its leader. His daughter, Mrs. Orme Wilson, is also prominent in society.

The Result of Inheritance.

While William Astor was very wealthy, he was not reputed to be nearly so opulent as his elder brother, John Jacob Astor, whose estate descended to the present William Waldorf Astor. The disparity in their fortunes was the result simply of inheritance. Their father, William B. Astor, who inherited the bulk of the original John Jacob Astor's money, invested it in real estate and left two-thirds of it to his eldest son and the other third to William. The deceased, who during the life of his father, was completely overshadowed by him, has always remained in the background so far as public prominence was concerned. For many years the influence of his wife in society matters has been all-powerful, and she has been the sole arbiter of the fate of those who sought to gain admittance to the inner circles.

PARIS ANARCHISTS AT WORK.

M. Very's Restaurant Wrecked and the Proprietor Killed.

PARIS, April 26.—The restaurant of M. Very, who, March 30, delivered Ravachol the anarchist, into the hands of the police, was utterly wrecked Monday afternoon by a bomb explosion. Since Ravachol's arrest M. Very has frequently been threatened with such a disaster. The force of the explosion was terrific and widely felt, and an enormous crowd quickly gathered about the shattered building. The police on entering found M. Very lying on the floor of the restaurant in the midst of heaps of debris, groaning with fright and pain. One of his legs had been broken and he was sent to a hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate the limb. Shortly after the amputation M. Very died.

The Police Saw Nothing Suspicious.

It is the general opinion that the explosion was perpetrated mainly to terrorize the jurymen who will be on duty at Ravachol's trial. The police have a theory that the bomb was thrown into the basement of the building through the grating. A policeman who was on duty just outside the restaurant when the explosion occurred was thrown to the pavement by the shock. He states that he saw nothing suspicious. A quantity of goods lying exposed in front of an adjoining shop were destroyed. M. Loze, the prefect of police; M. Goron, chief of the municipal police, and M. Raynard, secretary of the ministry of the interior, arrived on the scene soon after the explosion.

Exaggerated Reports.

Three persons have been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murderous affair. One of them shouted "Vive l'anarchie" on being taken into custody. The news of the explosion quickly spread throughout the city, creating consternation, especially on the boulevards, where exaggerated reports of the affair were current. The cafe is an utter wreck and not a vestige of a window is visible in the entire structure. The pavement in the vicinity is strewn with shattered pieces of charred wood and other portions of the ruined building and with the debris of furniture which was hurled from the cafe by the force of the explosion.

Fired into the Mob.

LONDON, April 26.—At Wheatly colliery a crowd of strikers hooted a miner named Pearson, who was at work, notwithstanding the strike. They called him a blackleg and pushed and crowded against him in such a way as to make the man afraid they were about to assault him. Pearson, who was armed with a pistol, drew it and told his persecutors to keep away. They kept pushing and shouting and with derisive cries dared him to shoot. Pearson fired and severely wounded a man named Atkins, who has acted as a delegate of the strikers. Pearsons was arrested and locked up by the police, who had some difficulty in protecting him from the violence of the mob.

The Cotton Spinners' Lockout.

LONDON, April 26.—The lockout of the cotton spinners continues. A few masters who have profitable orders are running their factories and paying the required fine to the Employers' association. The master cotton spinners at Bolton, who use Egyptian cotton, will hold a meeting to discuss the advisability of forming a federation similar to that of the masters who use American cotton. The masters using Egyptian cotton have been invited to join in the lockout, but will probably decline as their mills are running on good orders and they have no questions at issue with their operatives.

The Trial of Ravachol.

PARIS, April 26.—The trial of Ravachol, the anarchist, was begun Tuesday in the Seine assize court. There was great excitement and the jurymen and all connected with the court showed signs of nervousness and apprehension. After the indictment had been read, charging Ravachol with various bomb-throwing outrages he admitted his full responsibility for the St. Germain and Clichy outrages. Ravachol is being tried at the same time with Simon, Beala, Chaumartin and Rosalie Soubere.

The Panama Canal.

PANAMA, April 26.—The canal enterprise is threatened with total collapse. The government, having removed the chain across the channel entering the canal, which the Canal company had placed there to prevent traffic, the company has now chained the canal itself. This will stop produce and timber rafts descending to port. A high government official states that the canal people having sold a portion of the machinery in violation of the concession, the government will probably annul the contract in protection of industrial industries.

Will Return to Work.

LONDON, April 26.—The engineers on the Tyne who have been out of work for some time, owing to a difference with their employers, have voted by a large majority in favor of a settlement and will resume work.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Proceedings of the Day in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—At the suggestion of Sherman the house bill was passed authorizing any Chicago national bank designated by the commission to open a branch office on the grounds of the World's fair was passed by the senate. Sanders asked unanimous consent for the present consideration of a resolution providing that whenever the president should be satisfied that the New York Grant memorial committee had $500,000 in its treasury in addition to the amount already expended he should subscribe $250,000 additional in the name of the people of the people of the United States, to be paid out of the treasury. Berry of Arkansas objected to the consideration of the resolution and it was referred to the committee on library. Coke of Texas then addressed the senate on the silver question.

In the House.

The speaker announced the appointment of Sayers, Holman and Dingley as conferees on the urgent deficiency bill. Contrary to expectation the pending resolution to expunge certain remarks of Walker from The Record which was in order Tuesday was relegated to the rear and a motion of Blount of Georgia the house went into committee of the whole, (Oates of Alabama in the chair) on the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, Blount taking the floor in explanation of the bill.

DEMAND AN INCREASE.

Prospect of Trouble on the Milwaukee Electric Lines.

MILWAUKEE, April 26.—The motormen and conductors employed on the various electric lines in the city have made a demand for an increase in wages to 20 cents an hour after May 1. The men are now working on an average of eleven hours a day, for which they receive from $1.50 to $1.80. The question arose as to whether they should ask for a reduction of hours or an increase in pay. They finally decided to ask for 20 cents an hour and let the companies regulate the hours. The demands may lead to a strike, as Henry C. Payne, who represents the Villard syndicate, now controlling the several companies, says they cannot afford to pay the advance.

Might Pay 17 Cents.

He so informed a committee of the men. The Villard syndicate, he said, had already spent $4,000,000 in transforming the horse car lines into electric systems and it was expected to expend $2,000,000 more this year. He thought that possibly the companies might be willing to pay 17 cents an hour and grant a number of other concessions to the men. The men claim that the revenues of all the lines have been greatly increased since electricity was introduced and that the companies can easily afford to pay the increase. A meeting of the men to receive the answers of the companies will be held at 12 o'clock Saturday night.

Another Battle in Venezuela.

NEW YORK, April 26.—A special cable dispatch to The Herald from Maracaibo, Venezuela, says another battle has occurred between the government's forces and the insurgents, and again the latter were victorious. The fight occurred in the plains near Valencia. Details of the losses on both sides have not yet been received. A large number of desertions occurred from Palacio's troops during the battle. The uprising is assuming a more serious aspect day by day, and the insurgents are slowly but surely drawing closer and closer toward the capital.

Jealous Crime of a Farmer.

AKRON, April 26.—A suicide and attempted murder occurred on the Main road near the county line. A farmer named Truax enticed his step-daughter, Mrs. Schaad, aged 16, out to the barn and attacked her with a hammer, with which he fractured her skull. He then returned to the house, told his wife what he had done and, taking a razor, went into a shed and killed himself by cutting his throat. His victim may recover. His act is attributed to jealousy.

Two Theatrical People Ill.

CINCINNATI, April 26.—Mrs. Stuart Robson, wife of the well-known comedian, who is playing an engagement at the Grand Opera house, is hopelessly ill at the Burnet House, suffering from pneumonia. Duncan B. Harrison, the actor and partner of John L. Sullivan, who closed a week's engagement last Saturday at Heuck's theatre, is also dangerously ill at the same hotel.

Senator Hale Says Blaine Is Out.

NEW YORK, April 26.—The Herald's Washington special says that Senator Hale of Maine says: "Blaine is not a candidate; he is out." Senator Hale also said the Maine delegation will be for Harrison. They would not be instructed. Maine never instructs her delegates, and he did not think any of the New England delegates were ever instructed.

Dastardly Outrage in Missouri.

DEXTER, April 26.—News has just reached here that shortly after 1 o'clock Saturday morning a gang of masked men went to the home of David Simm, colored, at Clarkton, in Dunklin, the adjoining county, and calling him to the door, riddled him with bullets. He fell dead where he stood. The mob came from New Madrid.

Arrested for Embezzlement.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26.—J. J. Hallowell, a nicely dressed young man of 24, was arrested at Twenty-sixth and Fairmount at the instance of Pinkerton detectives, who charge him with being wanted at West Superior, Wis., for the embezzlement of $35,000 from the national bank of that place, of which he was cashier.

Queen Victoria at Darmstadt.

BERLIN, April 26.—Queen Victoria arrived at Darmstadt Tuesday and was received by her grandson, the grand duke, and others of her royal kindred in Germany.

DROWNING OF A HERO.

Distressing Accident at Portsmouth, N. H.

TWO COUPLE THROWN FROM A BOAT

One of the Men Saves Himself While the Other Attempts to Rescue the Two Women, but Becomes Exhausted and Is Drowned—Accident at Little Hell Gate—Close Call for a Railway Horror—Miscellaneous Mishaps.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., April 25.—Sunday morning Rose Foster, Ethel Gray, Oscar Trefethen, and Fred Burke, all of this city, stared up the Piscataqua river in a sailboat with the intention of going for May flowers. When near the Portsmouth and Kittery bridge the strong current sent the boat against the bridge, and all four occupants were upset in the river. Trefethen caught hold of a spike of the bridge and pulled himself out of the water. The swift running tide swept the others through the bridge up the river. Burke tried to support both of the girls, but finding that he could not, he relinquished his hold on Miss Gray, who, with rare presence of mind, turned on her back and floated in the water.

Burke Becomes Exhausted.

The cries of help from Trefethen caused two boats to put out from two schooners. One boat reached the Gray girl who had floated half a mile up the river, and picked her up unharmed. The other boat proceeded after Burke and his companion, but just before the boat reached them, Burke became exhausted, sank and was drowned. The Foster girl was sinking for the third time when she was rescued. The Foster girl was taken ashore at Kittery and after being unconscious nearly two hours, recovered her senses, but has been in a very precarious condition all day. Young Burke was 20 years old.

Tried to Swim Ashore.

NEW YORK, April 25.—A small sailboat containing six boys was capsized in Little Hell Gate channel Sunday by striking against a sunken rock and its occupants were thrown into the water. Five of the boys saved their lives by clinging to the keel of their boat, from which position they were eventually rescued, but the sixth boy, Harry Storrer, 19 years old, attempted to swim ashore against the strong and dangerous currents in the much feared channel and was drowned.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

The "Vestibule Flyer" Badly Damaged at Salamanca, N. Y.

KENT, O., April 25.—Passengers on Erie train No. 5 brought the news of an odd accident that happened to the train at Salamanca, N. Y., early Sunday morning. It was about 3 o'clock and the train was rounding a curve just east of the city when it struck a heavily loaded car which projected over the main track. It caught the corners of the coaches and tore out the entire sides of each one of them. All of the cars were vestibuled, and many of them were sleepers filled with people, yet not a single passenger was injured.

Excitement Among the Passengers.

The private car of First Vice President Thomas, containing himself and several other officials of the road, was attached to the rear of the train, and it was the only one that was not badly crippled. As it was, one corner of it was torn off. The 200 passengers all tumbled out in their night-clothes and there was great excitement for a while. No. 5, known as the "Vestibule Flyer," runs from New York to Chicago. It was delayed about two hours while a train of day coaches was made up and the journey continued.

Plunged into the River.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., April 25.—The locomotive attached to a south-bound train on the Central Vermont railroad, plunged into the river from the iron bridge at Des Rivieres, Que., twenty-seven miles north of St. Albans, at 2 o'clock Monday morning. Brakeman George Jelly was killed, Engineer Babcock fractured his thigh, and and Fireman James Mineham was badly bruised. When within about thirty feet of the bridge the engineer noticed an obstruction on the track, the nature of which was indistinguishable in the darkness. He promptly applied the air-brakes, but it was too late.

Two Men Frozen to Death.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., April 25.—Jesus Punga, aged 60, and Thopeleo Quintana, aged 17, were frozen to death in the eastern part of this county. The two men were Mexicans, who had been hired as sheep herders. They left Pueblo on Monday for the McIntyre ranch, where they were to work, and that was the last seen of them until their bodies were discovered.

Killed by an Explosion.

FREMONT, Colo., April 25.—A frightful explosion at Thompson's sawmill about four miles north of her occurred Sunday evening, killing Clark Dilldine and possibly fatally injuring James Groves. The explosion took place about 4 o'clock in the evening, throwing the boiler over 300 yards up the mountain, where it now lies.

Farmer's Daughter Burned to Death.

MONTICELLO, Ills., April 25.—Mary Feeney, a farmer's daughter, while assisting her father Saturday to burn old corn stalks in the field was burned to death before his eyes, her clothing catching fire from a piece of blazing stalk.

Advocates Sunday Opening.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 25.—Susan B. Anthony has given out an open letter, in which she advocates the opening of the World's fair on Sunday. She says in support of her views on this matter that all public places of art, science, and learning should be open to suit the convenience of all laboring classes who have only evenings and Sunday to devote to gaining such knowledge as may come from visiting these places. She urges that while there are churches for morning and evening worship the thousands who will attend the fair would be drawn into evil ways unless there was some means provided for their entertainment.

New Bishop of Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, April 25.—Mgr. Charles S. E. McDonnell was consecrated bishop of Brooklyn Monday morning by Archbishop Corrigan. After the services the archbishops, bishops and clergymen of this city and Brooklyn dined at the Catholic Orphan asylum. Mgr. Farley on behalf of the New York priests, presented the new bishop with an address and a purse of $10,000.

CHARLES MILLER HANGED.

He Murdered Two Young Men When Only 15 Years Old.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., April 22.—Charles Miller, the 17-year-old boy murderer, was hanged at 11:28 Friday morning in the Laramie county jail. His neck was broken by the fall and death was instantaneous. In September, 1890, Charles Miller, then 15 years old, shot and killed Waldo Emerson and Ross T. Fishbaugh in a box car on the Union Pacific railroad, forty miles east of Cheyenne. Emerson and Fishbaugh were respectable young men of St. Joseph, Mo., who had set out to reach Denver by free rides.

Murdered in Cold Blood.

The evidence clearly showed that both youths were murdered in cold blood for the money they had in their possession. Miller was in their company and disappeared after the murder. He was located in a small town in Kansas and arrested. He was taken to the scene of the murders and finally confessed his crime. He has twice escaped from jail. He has maintained an air of absolute indifference as to his fate and died gamely.

Negro Murderer Hanged.

CHARLESTON, April 25.—Tom Hammond, a negro, was hanged here Friday for the murder of Thomas Massalon. The murder occurred on Jan. 2, Thomas Massalon, a watchman at the Chicoro Phosphate works, six miles from the city, was found near a stone shed with a fearful hole in his head and his pistol, watch and money gone. Massalon died next day without regaining consciousness. Hammond was arrested and the pistol and watch of the deceased were found in his possession. He confessed. The prisonor died without a struggle.

TRIPLE TRAGEDY IN IOWA.

Murderous Work of a Jealous Farmer Near Des Moines.

DES MOINES, April 21.—Three persons are lying dead in this city, the result of a terrible triple tragedy which occurred Wenesday night at 10 o'clock. James Cochran, a well-known farmer living five miles from this city, shot and killed his wife and her alleged paramour, W. T. Davis. He then reloaded his shotgun and blew out his own brains. A young lady visitor at the house is the only surviving witness to the terrible affair. She ran barefooted through the muddy fields to a neighboring house and gave the alarm.

Cochran and his wife have had considerable domestic trouble and last October separated by mutual agreement. A few weeks later Mrs. Cochran secured a divorce. Mrs. Cochran retained possession of their home, which consisted of a farm of ten acres, and employed Davis as a hired man. It is supposed that Cochran became insanely jealous of the supposed relationship between Mrs. Cochran and Davis, and the tragedy is the result of his jealous fury.

INDIANA DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Every One on It a Gray Man—Matthews Heads the List.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 22.—The following is the ticket nominated by the Democratic state convention: Governor, Claude Matthews; lieutenant governor, Mortimer Nye; secretary of state, Captain W. R. Myers; treasurer, Albert Gall; auditor, J. O. Henderson; attorney general, Green Smith; superintendent of instruction, Harvey D. White. Every man is a Gray man and this is considered some compensation for the Cleveland instructions. It is claimed that, regardless of instructions, the delegation to Chicago stands: Cleveland 16, Gray 14. But John E. Lamb, one of the delegates says he will obey the instructions and only take up Gray when the nomination of Cleveland is found inexpedient. It is confidently stated that this is the position of the other delegates.

Mrs. Harrison Convalescing.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—"Mrs. Harrison has greatly improved and is convalescing rapidly," said Dr. Gardner, her physician, Saturday morning, "and all reports to the contrary are unfounded. Last night she passed the best night since her illness and this morning is much better and stronger." Mrs. Harrison has been ill for the past two weeks and her attack has been a very serious one. She has had many changes during her illness; one day she would be much better, and the next her condition would be reported as not so favorable. It is now believed, however, that she will have no more changes except for the better, and that she will soon be able to get up.

The Louisiana Election.

NEW ORLEANS, April 25.—The counting of the votes polled in this city at the general election, held last Tuesday, has been completed and is as follows: For governor—McEnery, 18,701; Foster, 11,786; Leonard, 5,670; Breaux, 2,716; Tannehill, 74. The vote for governor in the state as far as received, including the city vote, is as follows: Foster, 72,126; McEnery, 45,558; Leonard, 42,212; Breaux, 11,330; Tannehill, 4,713; with eight parishes to be heard from. In the legislature the Republicans will doubtless hold the balance of power as between the Democratic factions.

Terrible Domestic Tragedy.

COLUMBUS, O., April 25.—A special from Dennison, O., says: At 6:30 Monday morning George Moore shot his wife, killing her instantly, shot Edward McClelland, a saloon keeper, badly wounding him and then fatally shot himself. Moore is employed by the panhandle Railway company and works at night. McClelland is a saloon keeper and boarded at Moore's house. Moore and his wife had had a great deal of trouble lately growing out of the suspicion on Moore's part that his wife was maintaining improper relations with McClelland.

Horses and Cattle Cremated.

PARKVILLE, L. I., April 25.—The four largest stables on the dairy farm of the Cheshire Improvement company, together with twenty-four cows, thirteen horses and an immense quantity of fodder, were burned at an early hour Monday morning. The loss is roughly estimated at about $60,000.

No Trace of O'Brien.

UTICA, N. Y., April 25.—The authorities have found no trace of Tom O'Brien, the bunco king who escaped from Keeper Buck of Dannemora prison on Wednesday morning. Buck now admits that he was duped and is responsible for O'Brien's escape.

Rockwell Retains His Seat.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—The conclusion of the Noyes-Rockwell contest in the house was that Rockwell retains his seat, the vote being 140 to 98.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Important Happenings of the Past Few Days Briefly Stated.

Walter D. Nesbit and wife, who have been residents of Peru, Ind., for more than half a century, celebrated their golden wedding. They have seven children, fifty grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

A cyclone in the Creek country in Indian territory did much damage and killed three people.

Herbert Pavey, a 14-year-old boy, committed suicide in his father's barn at Earlville, Ia., by hanging.

Ned O'Hara was instantly killed by a freight train near Pontiac, Ills., while walking on the track. He was 73 years old.

The total stock of wheat in the northwest is placed at 29,112,965 bushels, a decrease for the week of 411,783 bushels.

Five negroes and a negress have been arrested at Ocala., Fla., for the murder of Payne and Stevenson, near Hernando.

The United States court of appeals at San Francisco holds that a Chinaman can enter American territory on proving a prior residence here.

The wife of General J. A. Holderman, ex-United States consul to Bangkok, Siam, has secured a divorce.

Jockey Fink sold the once famous colt Kenyon on the Memphis track for $250. He refused $5,000 for the same colt at Washington park last summer.

Sioux City residents had to walk to church because the saloon keepers, whose places were closed, retaliated by stopping electric street car lines.

A quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent. has been declared by the Lake Erie and Western directors, making an annual dividend of 5 instead of 4 per cent.

A St. Louis girl of 15 has recently married for the second time, her first marriage having taken place when she was only 13.

William E. Woodruff, ex-state treasurer of Arkansas, charged with embezzling state funds, has been acquitted by a jury.

A rifle in the hands of William Doub, of Bloomington, Ind., was accidentally discharged, and the ball passed through the brain of John Chambers, his friend.

* * *

At Flat Rock, S. C., L. B. Brookshire was shot and killed by his nephew, John B. Jones, the murderer asserting that undue intimacy existed between his victim and Mrs. Jones.

Chauncey M. Depew has been elected president of the New York state board of World's fair commissioners.

Congressman George W. Cooper of the Fifth Indiana district has been renominated by the Democrats.

While working in a field near Nauvoo, Ills., two men discovered the skeletons of an Indian man and woman inclosed in a stone trough.

Jim Hall accepts the $12,000 purse offered by the Olympic club of New Orleans for a fight with Fitzsimmons in September, and asks that articles of agreement be at once forwarded him.

The memory of the late Lord Beaconsfield was honored in England by covering his statue with primroses.

At West Newbright, Staten Island, five buildings belonging to the Staten Island Dyeing works were burned. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $40,000.

The glove contest at Minneapolis between Tommy White of Chicago and Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, was decided a draw after ten harmless rounds had been fought.

Charley McComas, whose parents were murdered by Apaches, is believed to be alive in Mexico.

Fire destroyed twenty-one horses in Fuller's livery stable in David City, Neb. The loss was $20,000.

Edward Ryer, who with several companions escaped from the Aledo, Ia., jail nine months ago, has been arrested in Burlington.

The hardware firm of Van Schaack & Bellows of Galesburg, Ills., has failed with estimated assets of $10,000 and liabilities of $8,000.

Russia has loaned Persia $2,500,000 at 6 per cent. This is in order to counteract British influence in Persia.

The national convention of the Equal Rights party will be held in Chicago on May 26.

The Federation of Labor will attempt to raise the Rochester clothing boycott, it is said.

William Henry Smith, general manager of the Associated Press, who has been seriously ill with the grip and pneumonia, is much better and hopes soon to resume his duties.

Indiana corporations have begun action to test the legality of the new tax law of that state.

Mrs. Sarah J. Richards, in charge of the field hospitals of the Second army corps during the late rebellion, is dead at Philadelphia.

* * *

Fire at Sioux City, Ia., destroyed $15,000 worth of furniture belonging to the Omaha Installment company; insurance, $2,000.

Trent, a city in the Tyrol, was visited by a cyclone and six persons killed.

Daily Evans of Rockport, Ind., has been convicted of killing Charles Smith six months ago. He was sent up for two years.

A safe in the store of Hildreth & Hind, in the postoffice building in Sag Harbor, L. I., was blown open by burglars. Valuable papers and money to the amount of $5,000 were stolen.

Farmers in the vicinity of Seymour, Ind., claim to have proof that an organized gang of meat thieves exist in the neighborhood. Alexander Allmon and Henry Banks, who it is said are members of the gang, are in custody.

Two men at Kansas City went to law over a dog worth $1.50. The costs in the case aside from attorneys' fees amounted to $500 and the court has assessed one-half the costs against each litigant.

Jerry Ishler has been nominated for congress by the Republicans of the Sixteenth Illinois district.

Miss Mary Griep of Cincinnati prevented Western Union telegraph employes from planting a pole in the sidewalk opposite her father's house by sitting in a chair over the post hole until her brother arrived with an injunction from the court.

An immigration bureau has been formed in Lincoln, Neb. It will try to induce farmers to move into the state, and will offer inducements to manufacturers.

A. L. Adams & Co. of Oconto, Wis., will remove to Green Bay and establish a wholesale lumber yard. The firm will employ 175 men.

Drought in the counties of Starr, Hidalgo, Horticas, Zapata, Mexico and Duvall, Tex., has rendered the production of the necessaries of life impossible. Five thousand people require assistance and they have issued an appeal for help.

Oliver Chamberlain, a Decatur, Mich., veteran, cut his throat while insane from la grippe.

The city council of Oregon, Ills., has fixed the saloon license at $1,500 a year, payable in advance. There were twelve applicants for license. The old rate was $1,000.

Twenty-five tramps who boarded a box car at Ottumwa, Ia., were switched uptown and delivered to the city marshal.

* * *

Sealskins have advanced 20 per cent. in price in British Columbia during the last week on account of the falling off in the catch.

William Jones and his son Edward of Hartland, Wis., have been arrested, accused of murdering their wife and mother, respectively.

Owing to the difficulty of reconstructing the cabinet, the Italian ministers have withdrawn their resignations.

Governor Flower has issued a proclamation calling an extra session of the New York legislature to meet next Monday night at 8:30 o'clock.

Railway Postal Clerk White of McGregor, Ia., pleaded guilty to stealing money letters and was given two years.

Fire destroyed machinery hall of the Georgia Technological school at Atlanta. Loss, $50,000: insurance, $30,000.

Burglars broke into the general store of Henry Krider in Oregon, Mercer county, O., and after administering chloroform to Krider, who slept in the store, stole nearly $1,000 worth of goods.

The weather is of wintry severity throughout almost all Austria. Snowstorms are raging in the Alps, and the country between Trieste and Baden is deeply covered with snow. Traffic on railroads is impeded and telegraphic communication interrupted.

Motto Grosso, the seceded Brazilian state, is preparing to resist the central government.

Congressman George W. Smith of the Twentieth Illinois district was renominated by the Republicans.

A. P. Doe, guardian of Charles C. Leslie, an insane man, is in Sioux City, Ia., trying to recover $25,000 worth of property which Leslie squandered in that city. Leslie went to Sioux City after the death of his father and gave money to anyone who asked for it. He is said to have presented a valuable farm to a Mrs. Colby.

Charles Emory Smith, United States minister to Russia, is returning home. The czar personally requested him to thank the people of the United States for their kindness in rendering relief.

Miss Amelia Tibaut Milton of Boston was married in New York to Bishop Worthington of Nebraska.

* * *

W. H. Henderson, a business man of Omaha, Neb., has been arrested at Chester, Pa., on the charge of forging checks to the amount of $40,000.

W. T. Thatcher, a coal dealer of Chicago, was killed by a train at Laporte, Ind.

James Dawes, whose home is near Mitchell, Ind., was found on the Monon track with his body badly mangled, bearing evidence of having been run over by several night trains.

Congressman Johnson of the Sixth Indiana district has been renominated by the Republicans.

Henry Breeman of Richmond, Ind., 63 years old, fell under the wheels of an electric car in Cincinnati and both legs were cut off. He will die.

George Alfred Townsend, now in Spain, is gathering material for a book on Columbus.

Hereafter the Union Trust company of New York will pay but 1 per cent a year on deposits, instead of 2¼ per cent.

The H. Wilbeck company of Marinette, Wis., has purchased of the Menominee River Lumber company all of the standing pine and spruce on the Menominee river. The consideration is said to be $650,000.

The National Starch company has decided to erect works in Des Moines, to cost $500,000, near the site of the old plant burned two years ago. It will start with a capacity of 4,000 bushels daily.

Mrs. Mary Vanderheide, formerly post mistress at Teutopolis, Ills., has been taken to Springfield, Ills., and committed to jail to await trial in the United States court on charges of larceny and embezzlement.

Suits have been brought against the Council Bluffs Electric Motor company to compel it to pay its share of the expense of paving streets over which its line is operated.

K. M. Hutchison of Oshkosh, Wis., has been stricken by apoplexy, and will probably die. He has resided in Oshkosh for forty years, and is one of its most prominent merchants.

* * *

Coates & Co.'s tinplate mill at Baltimore has commenced operations, with 250 men and a weekly output of from 1,500 to 1,800 boxes of 110 pounds each.

In a collision between a Chicago and Grand Trunk freight train and a light engine at Lapeer, Mich., John Ransom, fireman on the light engine, was killed and others badly injured.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. **T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.**

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 30, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Alabama."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Rose and Charles Coghlan.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — The great Herrmann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Russell's Comedians.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hanlon Brothers' "Superbs."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Annie Ward Tiffany.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

MR. PINKERTON AND KNOWNOTHINGISM.

Mr. William A. Pinkerton, of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, has written a letter to THE CITIZEN, in which he emphatically denies the allegation made by some personal enemy that he is, or ever was, a member of the United Order of Deputies. "The fact," says Mr. Pinkerton, "that I have in my employ something like 400 to 500 Irishmen, and that, as a boy, I was educated at Notre Dame, Ind., University sufficiently refutes the malicious statement. I am not that kind of man." Mr. Pinkerton further states that, to his annoyance, he is frequently confounded with another man of his name, but who is no relative of his, or of any member of his family, and is in no way whatever connected with him in business.

THE CITIZEN thinks that Mr. William Pinkerton is too well known in this city to need any defense against a charge of Knownothingism. He certainly would have to change diametrically from what he was in the days of early youth to affiliate himself with anything so illiberal. It is one of the annoyances of secret political associations that nearly any man may be charged with being a member of them without having a fair chance of disproving it. The Knownothing machinery in this country has been reduced to a fine art. Knownothingism is a cancer, of foreign origin, which has eaten into the vitals of the body politic in many parts of the republic, and which is making rapid progress in this city. The chief object of attack is the Catholic church, and the parochial versus the public school system is made the casus belli. A nervous solicitude for the supremacy of the American flag is one of the general symptoms of what may be termed Nativomania. As no body in this country denies the supremacy of the American flag, the frantic efforts of the secret alleged patriots to make the honored symbol a cause of quarrel may be regarded as the acme of human hypocrisy. When it is a well known fact that Knownothing societies are based on Orangeism—the "ism" that has cursed Ireland and Canada for generations—the insincerity of the devoted "patriots" who wrap the Stars and Stripes around their lean carcasses in peace, and fly to the sheltering folds of the Union Jack in war, can hardly be considered a matter of serious dispute.

Of all the detestable creatures that are permitted to curse human society, the religious bigot is the worst. THE CITIZEN has no respect for any man who would not, if he could, allow his neighbor to worship God after the dictates of his conscience. A forced "conversion" is no conversion. Neither is a "conversion" obtained by bribes of money, food or clothing—a species of propagandism with which the Orangemen were familiar in Ireland. If the Knownothing societies imagine they can persecute Catholics in this free country for any length of time, they will speedily find themselves mistaken. Millions of Protestant Americans revere the Catholic church for its teachings and its grand charities. From what Catholic hospital or asylum is the Protestant, the Jew or the heathen turned away? Are not the Catholic institutions of charity open to all? Do the the priests or sisters of the Catholic church try to force their doctrines down the throats of sick or needy non-Catholics? Never. They are entitled to exert moral suasion on the well and the wealthy, and to this length they go, but no further. It is only natural that they should seek to conserve the faith of the rising generation of Catholics, and if their success was greater public crime would be proportionately diminished.

Criminals generally come from the class of unbelieving nominal Catholics or nominal Protestants. It does not happen once in a thousand times that a Catholic youth, brought up in the strict tenets of his religion, and educated intelligently, becomes a drunkard, a libertine, a thief, a burglar, a forger or a murderer. As a matter of fact, most of the clever scoundrels who disgrace the American name in criminal annals are non-Catholics. It cannot be denied that many alleged Catholics figure in the statistics of crime, but they cannot all be free from human weaknesses any more than all Protestants. THE CITIZEN makes bold to state that very many times persons arrested for criminal offenses give Irish names when they have not a drop of Irish blood in their veins.

In any case, when the criminal annals are analyzed, it will be found that most of the so-called Irish charged with offenses against the law are natives of this country, and that whatever education they have received was generally inculcated at non-sectarian schools. Thus the Knownothing howl against Catholic teaching falls flat. If non-sectarian schools are such great conservators of public morals, why do so many of their graduates wind up in the bridewell or the penitentiary? The public school system is a good and cheap system of general education, but, as an eliminator of crime, it can claim no superiority over its sectarian rivals. The greatest advantage of the public school system, from a worldly standpoint, is that it tends to fuse and liberalize discordant elements. If, at the same time, it could inculcate among all its votaries love of God and respect for the rights of others, it would be a great blessing to the American republic, and it would greatly reduce the American population in the neighboring Dominion. But no human system is perfect.

GOING TO UNITE.

The convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, assembled this week at Minneapolis, is, it is alleged, about to cement the two factions which have divided that powerful body for several years. A despatch from the Flour City, dated Monday, says:

"The Ancient Order of Hibernians is divided into two sections—the American board and the Board of Erin—the split being of several years' standing. The Board of Erin is the original order of Hibernians in Ireland, and the American board is the offshoot in America. For a number of months past efforts have been made to bring the two factions together under one banner. In Ireland the two factions are moving for unity, and in several of the United States they have formed a complete union. A few days ago the American board here appointed a committee to confer with a like committee from the Board of Erin and today the Board of Erin held a meeting and appointed its Committee of Conference. Later the two committees held a session, and after some discussion adjourned to Thursday evening, when it is believed all the differences will be settled for good. The split grew out of a difference of opinion upon matters of procedure in the order."

A DISGRACE TO CHRISTENDOM.

The relations between the different factions of the once powerful Irish party are becoming simply shocking. Nothing like them has been previously recorded in the dismal history of Irish "moral force" politics. What THE CITIZEN and other Irish American papers have frequently predicted of late days has come to pass—there is a breach between the bishops and priests and a radical section of the Catholic people of Ireland. This is truly lamentable, because acrimonious political differences have before now, separated other peoples of Europe from their spiritual guides, and, we suppose, Irish human nature, excited to a certain pitch, is very like that of the rest of the world. The present ugly difficulty has arisen from the amalgamation of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Irish National Press*. A cartoon in a recent number of *United Ireland* made unnecessarily free with the archbishop of Dublin, and the Catholic clergy of Ireland in general. Only one other cartoon of such a nature—published by an alleged comic paper after the death of Archbishop Cullen—approached the bitterness of the one referred to. Naturally enough the bishops and priests are indignant, and the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, which is supposed to represent the sentiments of Archbishop Walsh, came out, on April 16, with a fierce article from which we excerpt the following:

"The recent circulation by an obscure and vulgar print (*United Ireland*), published in this city, and itself beneath notice, of an offensive and insulting cartoon, libeling in the basest manner His Grace, the archbishop of Dublin, and the patriotic clergy of Ireland, induces us to ask the attention of the Catholics of this country to a point which it seems to us cannot be too soon taken into consideration.

"It is, we fear, no longer possible to hope that Ireland is to be spared the infliction of the presence of that most terrible of evils for a nation or a people—an irreligious and licentious press. Daily as well as weekly, in the morning as in the evening, Dublin printing machines are vomiting forth journals containing matter eminently harmful to the morals and religion of our people, in which the duties, obligations and responsibilities of the bishops and priests of God's church are derided and mocked at, in which the glorious and faithful clergy of Ireland are depicted as traitors to the national weal and refused the commonest rights of citizenship, in which there is preached a propaganda of so-called 'Independentism' as against what is described as 'Clericalism.' The managers and controllers of these organs, startling though the fact is, have in very truth already gone back to the armory of French atheistical revolution for their war cries and their weapons. 'Away with the Priests' and 'Down with Clericalism,' such are their watchwords! In addition to the ordinary utterances of the base journals to which we refer, it appears that the resources of a degraded art are to be evoked in support of the hellish plot which is being sought to be worked out for the purpose of sowing distrust between the Irish priesthood and the Irish people."

* * * * *

"It is not enough for individual Catholics to refuse to purchase the journals to which we refer, it is not enough for them to fling the pestiferous sheets from their doorsteps and to refuse them place in their homes or amidst their families. Something more than this is necessary. They should steadfastly and by every means in their power discourage the sale and circulation of such papers. They can do this in many ways. By the resolutions of public meetings, by public and private exhortation, an effort should be made to create that healthy vigor of public opinion and feeling which would be the surest antidote to the poisonous teachings of the evil prints in question. Through the general adoption of such a resolve the dissemination of the products of an irreligious and dangerous press can easily be put an end to, and a source of peril to the morality of our country dried up forever. All that is needful is that our people shall be united and resolved, shall exhibit full and sound comprehension of the obligation which rests upon them, and which is their bounden and solemn duty to fulfill—a duty of which nothing can relieve them, and which they will hasten to discharge if even a spark of the fire of genuine Irish Catholicity lingers within their breasts."

This is a plain invitation to the Irish people to boycott *United Ireland* and, if possible, beggar its proprietors. It is, perhaps, natural that the prelates and clergy should feel angry at that paper, but THE CITIZEN would respectfully state that boycotting is a practice that the right reverend and reverend gentlemen alluded to have hitherto, as a body, condemned in Ireland, on the ground of being inimical to faith and morals. It does not seem, then, to be consistent on their part to allow their reputed organ to advocate the annihilation of *United Ireland* for a churlish breach of traditional etiquette, which has hitherto exempted political clerics from the vulgarism of coarsely designed cartoons. If the hierarchy and clergy of America were to call for the boycotting of *Harper's Weekly* and *Puck* which have so frequently libeled them in the past, what a howl would be raised in this free land about the invasion by "Rome" of the liberty of the American press! But the hierarchy and clergy of America have too much good sense, and entirely too much active and zealous work to do for their flocks, to bother their heads about the inevitable scurrilities of blackguards and bigots. *United Ireland's* cartoon, which we have seen, must look horrible to the unaccustomed eyes of the Irish hierarchy and clergy, but we have seen anti-Catholic cartoons in *Puck* beside which it would seem almost like a eulogy although done in bad taste.

The reply of *United Ireland* to the attack of the *Irish Catholic* is pungent, although somewhat scattering. It says:

"It appears that the cartoon which was issued with last week's number of *United Ireland* was not acceptable in certain quarters. We had, however, anticipated for it an unfriendly reception. Truth sometimes shocks even those who love her; and we are not at all surprised that the pictorial representation of the fact announced so frankly by Mr. Gray at the *Freeman* meeting has come rather as a revelation to those most concerned. What we wonder at is that they should blame *us*. We had thought we were the least to blame in the transaction. * * * We have made a mistake. Our good intentions toward the Irish priesthood have been misunderstood. It is plain that Father Cullen, of Nass, for instance, thinks that no Catholic paper has a right to touch a priest, be he ever so rampant a politician, except with 'sugar-sticks.' He would probably, too, never have fallen into such an error had not *United Ireland*, though often sorely tempted, resolutely refused to put an Irish Catholic clergyman into its cartoon, till forced to do so by a flagrant and unparalleled insult to the whole priesthood of the country. 'Has it come to this,' says the paper we have already referred to, 'that in a country noted in days of dire and deadly persecution, unexampled, not to say unsurpassed, in the records of religious torture the wide world over, that the successors of the hunted priests and friars of the dreary penal ages are to be branded as hirelings ready to sell themselves over to any gang of political charlatans?' And that is exactly the query we inferentially put in the picture. *Has it come to this?* It is for the priests of Ireland themselves to answer. They may make up their minds that it is not by condemning *United Ireland*, which, God knows, has had every consideration and excuse for their political follies, that the question can be met. There must be some action on their part 'more germane to the matter.' For ourselves, we feel that our withers are unwrung. We have done a duty which we believed, and believe, was necessary. We trust it will not have been done in vain. We feel humiliated that the day should come when any Irish Catholic journalist should have to picture Irish Catholic priests in any way unbecoming their sacred mission among their people. But the fault lies not with us; it lies with those who are using the church as a Schnadhorst would use a caucus. We have given a warning; we have given it believing that it is better for Ireland, and for Ireland's Catholic people, that such should come from Irish Catholics *today*, than that it should be sounded, with perhaps unimaginable consequences, from the enemies of Irish Catholics, *tomorrow*."

Now, THE CITIZEN would mildly inquire, how can the American Irish, with all this evidence of acrimony before them, have any confidence in the Irish movement? It is the movement of an earthquake, which destroys and demoralizes everything built by the hands of man. Was it not enough for wretched Ireland to have an "irrepressible conflict" with England; a traditional feud with the Orange order; three or four factions among her friends, without adding to her trials and misfortunes a fight between the clergy and laity on a secular issue? God give the Irish people, of all factions, better sense and lead them soon back to the realms of reason! While they differ from and accuse each other, England dances to the music of their factious war whoops, and Ireland, tied like a helpless captive to the stake of persecution, slowly but surely, burns to death.

THE MOORE CELEBRATION.

The 113th anniversary of the birth of the greatest of Irish poets, Thomas Moore, will be appropriately celebrated on the evening of Friday, May 27, at the Central Music Hall of this city. The literary and musical programme for the occasion will be found on another page.

Thomas Moore had his faults like the rest of humanity, but Ireland, the cause of human liberty, the Catholic religion and the world of literature owe him a great deal. He was the warm friend of Robert Emmet, and his poems in commemoration of that young hero will live as long as the human race cherishes grand sentiments, sweet melody and gallant sacrifices. Moore rescued the beautiful native music of Ireland from insular restriction, and gave it to the world, to charm and refine mankind. Carping foreign critics have sought to lower the fame of the man who restrung the broken chords of the golden harp of Ireland, but his deathless songs will ever linger on the lips and in the hearts of the human race—monuments to his memory more enduring than the marble of the Greek or the bronze of the Roman.

His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, has kindly consented to preside on the occasion, and will make the opening address. John F. Finerty, in the course of the exercises, will speak on "Thomas Moore and the Poets and Poetry of Ireland." The musical part of the programme speaks for itself, because the noble melodies of Moore could not be more artistically rendered than by the ladies and gentlemen who are announced to render them.

The Scotch, the Germans, the French and other musical nations do honor to their grand poets annually, or oftener, in this city, and it is only meet that the Irish-Americans of Chicago should do honor to the memory of him whose genius will live forever beside that of Burns, Koerner and Beranger.

DEDICATION OF MONAGHAN CATHEDRAL.

THE CITIZEN is requested by the Right Rev. Bishop Donnelly to announce that the dedication of the Monaghan Cathedral, Diocese of Clogher, Ireland, is fixed to take place on Sunday, Aug. 21. The erection of this church has been largely contributed to by the American clergy and laity, and many of these have intimated a wish to be present at its dedication. It is for this reason we are requested to make known so long beforehand the date of the ceremony. The church is considered by many to be the grandest Cathedral in Ireland. The archbishops and bishops and a vast concourse of the Irish clergy and laity will take part in what is expected to be the most imposing ecclesiastical function witnessed in Ireland for many a day.

HARD ON HOLMAN.

Old leather hided Holman, of Indiana, the howling hurricane of the wailing Wabash, anti-naval crank and objector general to American progress, has had the following picture drawn of him by the New York *Commercial Advertiser:*

"Snatched from his environment to face the gigantic interests of the republic, he brings the penny-wise sagacity of the village economist with him. He thrashes out great questions with an old fashioned flail. No new international reaping machines for him. He spins his time-honored arguments with the jenny his grandmother used. He holds up the stocking in which his family have saved their dimes as the only American example for the United States Treasury. He objects to a navy for very much the same reason that he objected to painting his barn when at home; it costs too much. He insists that the public should do without store goods unless it can get them without paying cash for them. If the country wants a navy it should wait till it gets eggs enough to trade off for it. What does the country want with store goods, anyway, when there are salt pork and molasses in the house? 'No, sir,' says Mr. Holman, 'I am not one of those fellows who want a lock for their stable after the horse is stolen. I am one of those fellows who don't believe in having any horse at all. I believe in walking. You can't steal my horse if I don't have any.'"

THE roster of Democratic delegates from this city to Springfield is enough to make the average Democratic granger gnash his teeth. He has scant love for his metropolitan political brother.

THE late John Lyle King, whose death deprived the Chicago Bar of one of its brightest members, was a man of great literary talent and a profound lover of nature. His book on hunting and fishing in the Northwestern wilderness is a most entertaining volume, racy of the soil. Mr. King was a liberal hearted American. Not a sentiment of bigotry lingered in his broad and noble mind, and he has gone to the grave followed by the sincere sorrow of all his fellow citizens.

THE CITIZEN wonders whether at the coming "Scotch Irish" congress, the members will toast the memory of their fellow mongrel, Gen. Ross, who burned Washington in 1814?

THE Chicago *Tribune* very wisely says, we must have a navy, no matter what the cost. We say so, too, and we have been saying so for ten years. Seeing that the material must all be purchased in America, and that only native or naturalized, or about to be naturalized, Americans, can be employed in its construction, THE CITIZEN cannot see where the loss Holman yelps so much about would come in. On the contrary the American people would be benefited, and the American name would be respected everywhere if an active naval policy is pursued. The question of an adequate navy for this great nation, with its varied interests and ever increasing wealth, has become a vital one, and will, no doubt, cut a big figure in the approaching presidential campaign.

OLD GLADSTONE appears to have lost his tongue of late. Something is surely going to happen.

LADIES' hats, as at present constructed, may be called female extinguishers.

JUDGE JOHN P. ALTGELD has been nominated for governor of this State by the Democratic convention. Gen. John C. Black, also a Chicagoan, is nominated for congressman-at-large.

HISTORY repeats itself. The soldiers of our regular army are to wear "cravats" in future. In the beginning of the last century soldiers known as "Cravats" were among the legions of the French army. Davis alludes to them in his splendid "Flower of Finae"—

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging,
Before him the Saxsanach squadrons enlarging,
Behind him the "Cravats" their sections display,
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae!

MISS JOSEPHINE CARTAN, the amiable and accomplished sister of the Rev. Father Cartan of the Church of the Nativity, this city, died last week after a lingering illness.

THE CITIZEN is sorry to have to announce that Mr. John J. Rigney, of this city, has suffered a terrible bereavement in the death of his beloved wife, Mrs. Marguerite Rigney, which occurred quite unexpectedly last week.

CHICAGO has lost a valued citizen by the death of Mr. Louis Wahl, which occurred, after a protracted illness, on Monday. He was a very old resident, and had held positions of trust and emolument in which he always proved himself able, upright and faithful. Mr. Wahl was born in Germany, and came to America in early youth. The funeral occurred on Thursday, from the residence, No. 2328 Indiana avenue, to Rosehill cemetery.

ADVICE to the dissevered Irish Parliamentary party—Unite or resign.

THE English military authorities say that the British army is in such poor physical condition that even a small army corps could not be made effective in case of immediate war. Boys now fill the ranks that used to be occupied by men. Yes, the "lobster-backs" have degenerated into crawfishes.

THE imprisonment of Count Tolstoi by the Russian czar is another evidence that the Muscovite Empire is still in the Dark Ages. Tolstoi only advocated the cause of humanity, and pointed out the reason why his country is suffering from famine. But, then, why do the American dailies that condemn the czar for imprisoning Tolstoi overlook the government of the Queen of England, which treats Hindoo and Irish patriots in a manner equally harsh?

THE "old heads" among the citizens of Chicago are rapidly passing away. Dr. J. C. Burroughs, the well known educator, and Mr. Bryant, of Bryant & Stratton's Business College, are among the more recent victims of the King of Terrors. Both were good and true men, devoted to the betterment of their kind, and they are deeply regretted by the community which shall know them no more on this side of eternity.

THE Catholic papers throughout the world are filled with commendations of the pious liberality of Mrs. P. O'Neill, of this city, who recently donated $10 000 toward the erection of the Church of St. Monica, for the use of colored Catholics.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and as seldom read.

"BRIAN," Buffalo.—Although no such regiment as "Clare's Dragoons" existed in the technical sense, there was a Clare regiment of infantry, which served in the Franco-Irish brigade, and which, commanded by O'Brien, Lord Clare, distinguished itself at the battle of Ramillies. Dragoons in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were classed as soldiers trained to fight either on foot or horseback, as occasion might require. It is probable that the Clare regiment in James II's Irish army was of that character, and hence the poetical license taken by Davis in his famous song.

"P. KELLY," Cincinnati.—How can we possibly tell when a subscriber changes his place of residence if he does not notify us? We don't pretend to clairvoyancy. It takes very little to make some people angry. You evidently need a liver pill.

"GARRYOWEN," City.—Limerick endured many sieges, but the three most notable were that conducted by Ireton in 1649; that conducted by William of Orange, when he sustained a terrible defeat, in 1690; and that conducted by Gen. Ginckle, when the Violated Treaty was made, in 1691. The Irish in all three sieges gained great glory, but nothing else.

NOTRE DAME DE CHICAGO.

The Beautiful New French Catholic Church of that Name to be Dedicated Tomorrow Morning with Imposing Ceremonies.

The beautiful new church of Notre Dame, Vernon Park and Bibley street, will be dedicated tomorrow (Sunday) morning, with imposing ceremonies. This sacred edifice is the temple of the French and French Canadian Catholic citizens of Chicago, who are estimated at nearly 20,000 souls. The services of dedication will be in the Latin and French languages, and the occasion will be signalized and dignified by the presence and the offices of his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, Monsignor Paquet, president of the Laval University, Quebec; Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal; Archbishop Feehan and a host of priests, both Canadian and American.

The edifice, which is after the design of the well known Franco-American architect of this city, Gregoire Vigeant, was erected at a cost of $100,000, and is a model of beauty. It is treated in the Romanesque style, and is certainly one of the handsomest churches that has ever been built in this city of magnificent temples of worship. Its absolute completeness is the admiration of all who have seen it. The Rev. Father Achille L. Bergeron, a young and tireless pastor, is entitled to the full credit of having brought a long cherished project to a successful issue. The parish of Notre Dame de Chicago was first established in 1861, and the Rev. Father Cote was its first pastor, serving continuously until the appointment of Father Bergeron in 1884.

Among the friends and members of the parish who have actively participated in its growth are G. Franchere, Z. P. Brosseau, M. Cyr, J. Plamondon, J. Chalifoux, N. Catellier, O. J. Franchere, Dr. Cyrier, N. Franchere, Dr. J. Z. Bergeron, J. A. Bell, P. Proteau, A. Plamondon, A. Brosseau, and C. P. C. Harbour. The donors of the many fine windows, the decoration of some of which cost as much as $3 000, were L. Z. Brosseau, A. Plamondon, Franchere Bros., O. Frenier, J. Chalifoux, A. Leclair, C. Gareau, F. Lebianc, P. Proteau, J. Proteau, N. Rosseau, the Children of Mary of the parish and the Notre Dame Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters. The statue of Notre Dame that surmounts the dome was the gift of Gabriel Franchere.

The dedicatory ceremonies will be performed under the immediate direction of Archbishop Feehan of this archdiocese and Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec. Archbishop Fabre of Montreal will be the celebrant of the pontifical mass, and Mgr. Paquet will deliver the sermon. The deacon of honor will be the Rev. Father Adam of Montreal; subdeacon of honor the Rev. John B. Bourassa of Pullman; deacon of mass, the Rev. Father Fitzsimmons of the Cathedral of the Holy Name; subdeacon of the mass, the Rev. Father Kelly of St. Cecilias' church; assistant priest, the Rev. Father E. J. Dunn of All Saints' church; master of ceremonies, the Rev. Father Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese, and the Rev. Father Gill of St. Charles' church.

The musical programme will consist of Lambillotte's Mass, by a choir of fifty voices, accompanied by the organ and the Notre Dame orchestra of twenty-six pieces, and for the offertory, Calixe Lavallie's "Tu Es Petrus." For the entrance of the celebrant and clergy the "Grand Pontifical March," by Gustave Gagnon, will be rendered by the orchestra. The social features of the ceremonies will be the reception given at the church Sunday evening to the visiting prelates by the various societies of the church. This reception will be in charge of Messrs Franchere Rousseau, Cyr, and Dr. Bergeron. The visiting clergy arrived at Dearborn Station at 10 o'clock last Thursday night. They were met by a large delegation of the young men and by societies of the parish and escorted with a band of music and torches to the parochial residence, where addresses of welcome were delivered. N. Rousseau was appointed grand marshal of this demonstration. A company of mounted parishioners was a feature of this night reception and parade.

Doctors may differ in opinion as to the cause of that feeling of languor and fatigue so prevalent in the spring; but all agree as to what is the best remedy for it, namely, Ayer's Sarsaparilla; it makes the weak strong, and effectually removes that tired feeling.

BEFORE COLUMBUS.

Evidence That St. Brendin of Ireland Was the Discoverer of America.

Facts Presented Before the Gaelic Society of New York, With Documentary Proof, by Gen. Butterfield.

[*New York Commercial-Advertiser.*]

Perhaps it isn't known to most local students and lovers of the history of ages long gone by, that the New York Gaelic Society is divided up into sections, each section having its own day selected for a lecture upon topics concerning its own proper scheme. These sections range from athletics to music, art and history, as each had been known to the Gaelic race. The efforts of the Society have always been diverted on scholarly lines, and touched by an earnestness rarely found. It has been the Society's plan from the outset to invite well-known specialists and travelers to address the Society at stated intervals, and the discourses on Gaelic subjects has given this organization its real life. And so when the invitations were sent out for a lecture on the voyages of the famous Irish saint, St. Brendan—or Brendin—to be delivered at the cozy club house of the society, No. 17 West Twenty-eighth street, by Major-General Daniel Butterfield, they met with ready responses.

The formal title of last night's lecture was: "The St. Brendin Manuscripts." To punctuate the lecture itself, plate copies of the original manuscripts only to be found in the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris were displayed. The copies were plain and well cut, and the old Latin characters were easily traced by many of those present. When, at the end of the lecture, General Butterfield said that he would place the plates he had brought from France in the Library of Union College, subject to the order of the University regents, there was a good deal of applause.

The Gaelic Society will undoubtedly communicate with the regents in regard to publishing copies of the manuscript to be stricken from the Butterfield plates.

President James S. Coleman, ex-street commissioner, eloquently introduced the lecturer. On the platform were ex-Vice-President E. T. McCrystal, Secretary Pierce Kent and Treasurer Thomas J. Morrow. In the audience were such well known people as Judge Joseph F. Daly, J. G Hart, Edward O'Mahoney, Mrs. Margaret Moore, Mrs. and Miss Dunne, Miss B. H. Casey, the Misses Barclay, Charles Underwood O'Connell, Denis Burns, Francis W. Pollock, James S. Mitchell, Henry McGee, Dr. William O'Meara, W. M. Murphy, J. J. Murphy and Francis Ward.

The lecture took up over an hour's time, and was listened to attentively. Gen. Butterfield said:

In ancient days when Mars, Jupiter and the deities of Heathen Mythology were the objects of worship, oblations and sacrifice, these traditional and accepted gods were held by the people in the highest repute and honor, and, as the founders of their race, claiming often direct descent and origin from them.

'Twas told of Alexander the Great that when the acme of his fame had been reached he signed himself as the son of Zeus, and claimed divine origin with Jupiter, his father. His mother, possessed of practical good sense like most mothers, gave him advice to abandon any such ridiculous talk as that, as she knew exactly who his father was.

The ancient tendency to claim divine origin under the influence of great achievement has modified somewhat in modern times. We are contented now to exalt our origin to a lesser degree than godlike. Some forget the humble nature and simple character of their ancestors and directly exalt them, thereby inhaling the perfume of a pardonable vanity of their own exaltion. When one of our own race achieves a great work, it is a duty to make his name and fame live. It is within the province and the laudable purposes of our Gaelic Society to know and let all Americans know who St. Brendin was, what he did and all his virtues, as a proud page of Irish history.

Some time since a friend in Maine asked me what about St. Brendan, and who her the Irish had any right to claim the discovery of America, and if religion had anything to do with it. The reply was that, being of neither Irish descent or Roman faith, I could speak without prejudice; that my conviction, after reading and study of the subject and the St. Brendin manuscript, was that if a Catholic Irishman was not the first discoverer of America he had caused its subsequent discovery by Erickson and Columbus. Some day I would tell him why. This answer has traveled and come back to me several times. It gives me pleasure to respond to the invitation of the historic section of the Gaelic Society and through them tell these friends why.

It is fair to presume that Liet Erickson's descendant's and race, who, by records and researches of the Maine Historical Society, seem to have clearly established his journey to America many years before Columbus, will say that such ideas are absurd, and that they know who first discovered America. But St. Brendin antedates Erickson as Erickson does Columbus. Many a one has been convicted and found guilty before an impartial jury on circumstantial evidence not as strong as these manuscripts, and their recognition in past ages furnish proofs of St. Brendin's voyage to this continent. There is much in them that tends to disbelief, but it is fair to presume that these are the additions of religious enthusiasts who sought to surround the traveler's tale of a seven-year voyage with remarkable, extraordinary and supernatural occurrences That would occur today under similar circumstances. The voyages were made in the sixth century. The manuscripts, of which there are a number extant, no two written in the same hand apparently, were written, according to the decision of renowned experts, in the tenth century, or 400 years after the voyage.

The tradition or story was handed down through the monasteries and the church from one to another, and scattered from cloister and abbey to cloister and abbey as the religious men traveled from place to place. From these they have been collected together until now there are thirteen of them in the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, one or two in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, one at the Nuremburg Library, and, probably, four others, elsewhere.

Examination and research, made personally or for me, leave no question as to their general similarity in narrative and language, with just such trifling differences as add to conviction of their truthful value rather than detract from it. Some of the evil explain.

You shall have the story of the search for them, what was found, and shall see a set of photographic reproductions from the Bibliotheque Nationale. If their publication, with all that has been of interest in connection with them will be of any value to your society or the public, and aid in calling forth from other societies and nationalities evidence and further light to affirm or contradict the conclusions drawn from them, it shall be done.

To correct and overcome established beliefs of many centuries and bring out new evidence and rewrite history is not an easy task, nor hardly within the reach of an advanced life. It requires the labor and faith of those possessed of youth and the courage of their convictions. An association for good purposes, like yours, has perpetual life and renewed and continuing youth, strength and resources; my best efforts will be yours if our conclusions coincide.

The question is asked, how and why I became interested in St. Brendin's story. An esteemed and valued friend, living in New York, had been for years of great assistance to me by his culture, his broad knowledge of literature and his love for books. When pressed by duties that gave me no time to thoroughly investigate authorities, his clear brain and willing hand were always at my disposal with his wonderful memory, time and again, to search among books and documents for facts for me. So much of this clever work had my friend done for me, through his love for it and his friendship for me, that I often thought I should never be able to give an equivalent for the service. Arriving in Paris some time since, a letter from this friend asked an examination of the manuscripts of St. Brendin existing in the Bibliotheque Nationale, and whether there was anything showing that St. Brendin had made a voyage to America. It was a delight to receive such a letter There was opportunity to make some return to my friend, and I visited the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, full of the purpose to spare neither pains, expense nor trouble to comply with the wish of the friend whom I esteemed. My search and my findings got me interested.

I have no use for one who will not exert himself strongly for a friend, and practice my belief—hence came my earnest work.

With what results this labor of love and friendship was crowned you shall judge. There was no thought of any publication even in this manner before you connected with the work at the time, and this I do for my friend. Of my first visit to that marvel—the Bibliotheque Nationale—a passing word here for book lovers and students.

All Paris knows it well. To those unfamiliar with the history and character of the resting place of these valued manuscripts let me say it has changed its name with the regimes in France, being known as the Bibliotheque du Roi, Royale, Imperiale and Nationale. Pepin le Bref, son of Charles Martel, was the first one making a collection of books and manuscripts now in its possession. He lived in the year 750. Thus it is really 1,300 years of age. The building, of course of later date, is arranged in the best possible manner and fireproof in its character. The collection in 1885 numbered 2 300,000 volumes (constant additions are made. In 1884, by the reports, there were 131,000 readers and 368,000 volumes consulted in this beehive of literary stores and research. I have seen no later report It was a real pleasure to encounter, as it is to acknowledge, the well-known courtesy and politeness of the French people, emphasized with additional force by the culture of the administration and staff of the Bibliotheque Nationale. The engraving I show you gives an excellent idea of the architecture of the interior and its suitable and spacious character.

It required considerable formality, a knowledge of who I was and my purpose to get access to the manuscripts, which are treasured and guarded with great care. The necessary and proper formalities having been gone through with brought me to a commodious and well arranged, well-lighted room, with desks and tables, but no evidence of any manuscripts in sight A slip of paper was handed to me with a catalogue of all manuscripts My friend had written there were seven of the manuscripts of St. Brendin. The index and catalogue showed thirteen, and I called for the whole thirteen. Not more than three volumes of manuscripts were delivered to one person at one time, and until those were returned no others could be obtained. Great politeness and courtesy were exercised, but it took time before those called for were brought. Instead of three separate volumes, each containing only a manuscript of St. Brendin, there were three volumes, containing each a number of manuscripts of nearly the same century or age, bound together for preservation as well as facility of handling, making a sizable volume. Wanting familiarity with manuscripts of that age, it took some little time to find the manuscript of St. Brendin in each. When found, it suddenly dawned upon me that so far as ability on my part to promptly read those manuscripts was concerned my friend wouldn't be much wiser than he was before I saw them I discovered much time and patience were needed. The black Latin, although tolerably clearly written, with the abbreviations and differences in expression from the only Latin which I had encountered in my studies, were two very different things.

Confessing to myself my utter inability to read these manuscripts in any connected way or get any idea from them, I began to think what to do I could pick out a sentence here and there. I returned them, and called for another three of the thirteen, with the same experience and the same result. What shall be done? My good friend has placed too high an estimate on my classical skill.

After reflection an advertisement in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, under the head of "Wants," asking the services of a scholar thoroughly educated in Latin and English, and understanding ancient Latin manuscripts, brought three or four replies, and from them selecting a young man, a graduate of Dublin University, we went each day to the Bibliotheque, securing the manuscripts to see if there was anything in them of a nature to warrant a favorable answer to the inquiry from New York. The effort on his part to read them, though more successful than mine, did not proceed as rapidly as desired, and fearing an unsatisfactory search for my friend, the chief director of the manuscript room was sought and asked for an address, with the view of obtaining the services of the best expert known to the Bibliotheque in reading and copying ancient Latin manuscripts. Thus was found a gentleman thoroughly competent in every respect, of fine education and culture, who had performed much of this work in other lines and upon other subjects. He read for me the thirteen different manuscripts, and advised me of no material differences in them, reporting all substantially the same; the manuscript which seemed most complete, and in the best condition, was copied, with particulars of its size, age and everything of interest concerning it. This report I have. Learning of the possibility of other manuscripts of St. Brendin existing in other places, search was made and two found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and one in the archbishop's library at Nuremburg

Securing a copy of the Bodleian manuscripts, found me armed for my friend with two copies—one from the Bibliotheque, in Paris, and one from the Bodleian at Oxford. I sent to the United States Consul at Nuremburg, and found that the manuscript there was a German translation, and not an original. It has since occurred to me that I should have gotten that also; it is evidence of the faith and renown attached to the Brendin voyages in the Middle Ages by other than Irish savants or wise men.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

All day long they come and go—
Pittypat and Tippytoe;
Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Finger-marks along the wall
Tell-tale streaks upon the door—
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play!
And, a dozen times a day,
In they troop demanding bread—
Only buttered bread will do,
And that butter must be spread
Inches thick with sugar, too!
Never yet have I said: "No,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!"

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe—
Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth;
For—I much regret to say—
Tippytoe and Pittypat
Sometimes interrupt their play
With an internecine spat;
Fie! oh, fie! to quarrel so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Oh, the thousand worrying things
Every day recurrent brings!
Hands to scrub and hair to brush,
Search for playthings gone amiss,
Many a murmuring to hush,
Many a little bump to kiss;
Life's indeed a fleeting show,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

And when day is at an end,
There are little duds to mend;
Little frocks are strangely torn
Little shoes great holes reveal,
Little hose, but one day worn,
Rudely yawn at toe or heel!
Who but you could work such woe?
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

But when comes this thought to me
"Some there are that childless be,"
Stealing to their little beds,
With a love I cannot speak,
Tenderly I stroke their heads,
Fondly kiss each velvet cheek,
God help those who do not know
A Pittypat or Tippytoe!

On the floor, along the hall
Rudely traced upon the wall,
There are proofs in every kind
Of the havoc wrought,
And upon my heart you'd find
Just such trade-marks, if you sought,
Oh, how glad I am 'tis so,
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

—*Chicago News.*

AN INTERESTING OCCASION.

A lecture and musical for the benefit of the flower booth of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum bazaar, which will be held in June, were given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Rice, No. 3312 Wabash avenue, last Monday evening. The attendance was so large that the spacious mansion was crowded almost beyond its capacity. The lecture, which was on the subject of "Novels and Novelists," was delivered by Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame University, the famous litterateur, and was a philosophical, as well as an amusing, discourse. Prof. Egan was much applauded at the conclusion of his remarks. Mrs. Katherine L. Fisk, a very beautiful woman who also possesses a superb voice, sang selections from Bohm and Gertrude Griswold. That queen of harpists, Mrs. Clara Murray, rendered some charming airs on the historical instrument—a magnificent harp furnished by Lyon & Healy for the occasion. Messrs. H. A. Babb and G. Lansing, of the Banjo Club, gave "On the Mill Dam" and another piece with excellent effect. The exercises closed with an eloquent address from the Rev. P. J. Muldoon, chancellor of the archdiocese, who returned thanks to the audience for the interest taken in a noble charity.

It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and has given it such a firm and lasting hold upon the confidence of the people.

For a dinner pill and general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

OBITUARY.

MRS MARGUERITE RIGNEY.

Mrs. Marguerite Rigney, wife of Mr. John J. Rigney, a well known young business man of this city, who is connected with the firm of Franklin MacVeagh & Co., died at her residence, No 1280 West Adams street, last Saturday after an illness of two weeks' duration. Mrs. Rigney, who was only 29 years old, and whose maiden name was Miss McLaughlin, was born in Escanaba, Mich., and received a liberal education. She was a leading teacher in the public schools of her native city before she became the wife of Mr. Rigney, five years and three months ago. The shock of her death to her bereaved husband is added to by the fact that she leaves behind her three children—two girls and a boy—the eldest of whom is only 4 years of age. The funeral occurred from the residence to the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows on Tuesday morning, and, after the religious services, the remains were escorted by a large cortege to Cavalry cemetery, where they were laid to rest in the family lot. Mr. Rigney, who is largely acquainted throughout the Northwest, as well as in this city, has the heartfelt sympathy of a host of friends in his great sorrow.

MR MICHAEL SHANNON.

Mr. Michael Shannon, a venerable and much respected resident of the West Division, died at his residence on the 22d inst., in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Shannon was born in the county Clare, Ireland, and resided in the old land until about twenty years ago, when he came to America, and immediately settled in Chicago. He distinctly remembered the Clare elections of 1828-9, when Daniel O'Connell broke down the barriers of bigotry and was elected member for that historic county, defeating Vesey Fitzgerald and the whole aristocratic combination. O'Connell was the old gentleman's political idol, and he heard that greatest of popular orators address many a Repeal meeting in the days of his prime. In his dying hours, Mr. Shannon spoke to his son-in-law, Mr. Thomas McCann, about the projected O'Connell monument in Lincoln Park, and regretted that he could not live to see its completion. His death was exemplary and painless. He had always been a devout Catholic and a true Irishman, and he went to his reward fortified by the rites of Holy Church and conscious of having done his duty, as far as mortal fallibility would permit, through out a long and honored life. The funeral occurred from the residence to the Church of the Holy Family, West Twelfth street, on the 25th inst., and was very largely attended. The deceased belonged to the Married Men's Sodality of the church, and all the members and their families were present. High mass of requium was offered up, the officiating clergymen being the Rev. Fathers Kelly, Weinman and Legue. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. Mr. Shannon leaves a widow, a son, Michael, and five daughters, namely, Mrs. James Fitzgerald, Mrs. Patrick Butler, Mrs. John Cain, Mrs. William Butler and Mrs. Thomas McCann, all residents of this city.

MR. WILLIAM TIERNEY.

Mr. William Tierney, father of Officer Denis Tierney, Miss Mary Tierney and the late John Tierney, of this city, died at his residence, Killeen, county Limerick, Ireland, on the 12th inst., in the 76th year of his age. He was a pious Catholic and a patriotic Irishman, who always identified himself with the cause of the people in his native land. May he rest in peace.

MISS MAGGIE WOLFE.

After an illness of several months, on last Saturday breathed her last, a very esteemed young lady, Miss Maggie Wolfe. The deceased was just in her 23d year, and daughter of Cornelius and Bridget Wolfe, nee Fitzgerald, and sister of Thos. Wolfe, secretary of the Davitt club. The funeral, which was very largely attended, took place Monday the 25th, from the residence of her sister, No. 420 Fifty-ninth street, to St. Anne's church, where high mass was celebrated. The funeral oration was preached by the Rev. Father Peckham. The interment took place at Mt. Olivet cemetery. The pall-bearers were: John W. Wolfe, John E. Wolfe, Richard J. Wolfe, Maurice C. Wolfe, John Wolfe and Robert Wolfe Mulcahey.

JOHN RAFTERY.

Little John Raftery, son of Officer M. Raftery of Maxwell Street Police Station, and Celia Raftery, nee Tyrrell, died on the the 25th inst at the residence of his parents, No. 50 Miller street, aged 4 years. The funeral took place on Wednesday last by carriages to Calvary.

IN MEMORY OF M J. DONOHOE.

At a recent regular meeting of St. Thomas Court, No. 15. C. O. F., the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved brother, Michael J. Donohoe; and

WHEREAS, We bow in humble submission to the will of Divine Providence. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Donohoe St. Thomas Court loses a good brother, a faithful member, and a warm and loving friend; and further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our meeting, also a copy sent to THE CITIZEN, *Catholic Home* and a copy to the family of the deceased brother.

P. F. RYAN,
D. GLEESON,
R. C. SPIEDLL,
Committee.

Picnic Grounds.

WHERE THEY ARE—HOW TO REACH THEM.

The most beautiful picnic grounds, within easy distance of Chicago, fitted out with all the conveniences necessary to make a day's outing enjoyable, are situated on the Wisconsin Central lines, among which are Schiller Park, Clybourn Park and Diamond Lake Park. The superior facilities afforded by the "Central" for handling this business needs no introduction. Its advantages have been fully established. Lodges, clubs, societies, associations, churches, etc., contemplating an outing during the coming summer, will find it to their interest, before making final preparations, to call on James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Room 212, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue, who will take pleasure in furnishing all information. Committees desiring to inspect grounds will be provided with necessary transportation.

1779. 1892.

Ireland's Tom Moore!

THE 113TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE BIRTH OF

IRELAND'S IMMORTAL BARD,

"The Poet of All Circles and the Idol of His Own,"
Will be Appropriately Celebrated at

Central Music Hall,

State and Randolph Streets, On

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1892,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME:

1. Opening Address by his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, who will preside.
2. Quartette—"The Minstrel Boy,".....Moore
   Miss Marcella Reilly, Miss Alice Coffey, Mr. William Barron, Mr. George Callahan.
3. Harp Solo—"The Last Rose of Summer".....Moore
   Mrs. Clara Murray.
4. Bass Solo—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old".....Moore
   Mr. George Callahan.
5. Soprano Solo—"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall".....Moore
   Miss Marcella Reilly.
6. Tenor Solo—"The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me.....Moore
   Mr. William Barron.
7. Contralto Solo—"The Meeting of the Waters".....Moore
   Miss Alice Coffey.
8. Address—"The Poets and Poetry of Ireland".....
   John F. Finerty.
9. Organ Solo—Fantasie on Moore's Melodies.....
   Mr. William Middelschulte.
10. Contralto Solo—"The Wearing of the Green" (By Request).....Boucicault
    Miss Kate Coffey.
11. Quartette—"Erin the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eye".....Moore

(In response to encores the artists will not be confined to Moore's melodies.)

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Reserved Seats, Parquet and Parquet Circle, 75 cents. Dress Circle, 50 cents. Balcony, 25 cents. Boxes—First Floor, $5.00. Dress Circle, $4.00. Balcony, $3.00.

B. CURTIS, Chairman Committee of Arrangements. W. C. McCLURE, Sec'y.

UNITED STATES COURT.

An Editor Acquitted of the Charge of Printing a Lottery Advertisement.

Joseph Mueller who was charged with having published a lottery advertisement in the *Dodge County Pioneer*, at Mayville, was acquitted in the United States Court recently. The case is an important victory for the Louisiana State Lottery. It was charged that a certain notice that appeared in the paper, which is a German weekly, was an advertisement under the new law forbidding the mailing of publications containing lottery advertisements. The card read as follows:

CONRAD! CONRAD! CONRAD!

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

While it is true that I have been elected president of the Louisiana State Lottery company, vice M. A. Dauphin, deceased, I am still president of the Gulf Coast Ice and Manufacturing company, and all orders for material, machinery, etc., as well as all other business letters should be addressed to me as before. PAUL CONRAD, Box 1,358, New Orleans.

Gen. E. S. Bragg, of Fond du Lac, defended Mueller, arguing that the advertisement did not come within the scope of the statute. The jury was out but a few minutes.—*Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.*

WHAT $16 WILL DO.

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie Lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going east, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country west, it will pay you to write to, or to call on F. W. Buskirk, the assistant general passenger agent of the Erie, whose office is 803 Phœnix Building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

The Great Northwest.

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THE FLAG OF PIERRE

On the northeastern shore of Lake Champlain is a long sandy beach. Inland from this stretches the dreary expanse of a tamarack swamp. One afternoon early in October the only living things plainly in sight along this beach were several small sandpipers that daintily tiptoed over the sand and a tall blue heron wading in shallow water. But when one looked closely, as did Plover Pierre, one noticed a bunch of bushes stuck into the sand so as to form what hunters term a "blind." The blue heron, keeping a wary eye on the misplaced bushes, may have thought it thus called because only sightless creatures would think a place so suspicious looking devoid of harm.

As Plover Pierre scanned the beach he discovered a man lying behind the bushes of the blind. This man was a stalwart, bronzed fellow, perhaps thirty years old; he had on the blue uniform of the United States army and wore long leather boots, and as he lay stretched on his side a shotgun rested in the hollow of his arm. Just now the lieutenant was yawning. The scene was a stupidly peaceful one, all things were quiet and sleepy—too much so to please the young officer. He longed for a flock of plover to flutter by and relieve the monotony.

"If something doesn't turn up pretty soon," he thought, "I'll stalk my friend, the blue heron—though I believe the old fellow keeps an eye on me, for all his marching along in such an unconscious and dignified manner. He's the only bird bigger than my thumb that I've seen for an hour. Why, so far as sport goes, I might better be at the barracks drilling recruits. But, hello! there's a queer bird."

He had seen Plover Pierre. Pierre emerged from the shadow of the evergreens and stood upon the sand. The boy did not see many strangers, so he moved along the beach to investigate this one. As he passed by the little sandpipers tipuped as if making low courtesies to a friend, and the blue heron looked at him with less haughtiness than it usually assumed. Perhaps the bird believed that Pierre came to destroy the absurd structure called a blind.

But for once the heron was mistaken. Pierre did not disturb the blind, but crawled behind it to chat with the soldier. At first the boy was half afraid of this long fellow in blue clothes and brass buttons, though his face was kind and friendly. Pierre had once been in a law court at Quebec, where the high official was addressed as monseigneur. The boy decided to use this title in the present instance.

"Monseigneur, are you a Yankee?"

The soldier nodded, and Pierre resumed:

"So am I. We have moved, and now we live one mile south of the line between Canada and Vermont. You see, I am a Yankee by a whole mile."

"So you are," replied the other, "and in your case no one can say a mile's not better than a miss. You wouldn't like to miss being a Yankee, would you?"

"No, indeed, monseigneur. I am proud to be a Yankee. The French and the Yankees were always friends, and it is good to belong to the United States. Since we are both Yankees, we should be friends. Is it not so?"

"Of course it is." The soldier laughed, got up, and made room for Pierre. "Come, what'll you have? Here's some ale, and here's a cigar."

Plover Pierre shook his head. "Jules says liquor is only good to put out a cigar. I want neither."

"Why, this Jules must be a perfect stoic."

"Oh, no; Jules is my friend, and he lives quite near us. He too has moved to Vermont."

"And I imagine you're great playfellows," suggested the lieutenant.

"Well, not quite that, monseigneur. He teaches me and knows many stories. You see he is old. He was my father's clerk, and he has white hair standing up all over his head. My father," said Pierre proudly, "was a notary and knew all things. Jules says my father was quite old when he married the mother. Then he died and she married Jean Bourdo. He is strong and can work on the farm, but he likes better to be idle." The boy was rattling on, when he remembered that Jules said people should not talk too much of their own affairs. A dusky red crept into his swarthy face. "But it tires you to hear all this. Do you come from the barracks across the lake, where they teach new soldiers?"

His new acquaintance smiled assent.

"Jules says it is a shame for United States people to fight each other, but I like wars. I should go if it were not for that."

As Pierre said "that," he looked at something which should have matched the sturdy leg curled up beneath him, but was only a piece of wood fastened to a very short stump of leg. Besides the wooden leg, Pierre carried two yellow crutches Perhaps it was these slender substitutes for legs which gave him the name of Plover Pierre. The soldier's eyes searched the bosom of the lake as though much interested in watching a distant flock of plover.

Pierre's face brightened as he continued: "Although I can't walk well, I ride better than most boys. I might be a horse soldier, and so fight just as hard for my country as can other people. Will you drill me to be a soldier?"

The man in blue shifted his eyes from the imaginary flock of plover and looked at Pierre. "Why, you're too young. You can't be more than ten years old."

"Not so; I am twelve and know well how to shoot."

The officer seemed to be pondering Pierre's soldierly advantages. He muttered to himself, "I wish those fellows I'm drilling had this boy's spirit."

But now the quiet bay was stirred into new life. A steam launch rounded one of the points and puffed toward the young officer's blind. The blue heron gave a cry of surprise, and then, recovering its dignity, swept away with graceful curves of its majestic wings.

The soldier got up and shook the sand from his clothes.

"Here's the government boat come to take me back to Plattsburg barracks."

A small skiff put out from the launch to bring him on board. He threw a few shore birds into the skiff, stepped in himself and was rowed away.

The government boat flew two flags—a large one at the bow and a smaller at the stern. When the lieutenant got on board he pulled down the one from the stern, and getting into the skiff again was rowed back to the shore. Pierre was still standing on the sand.

The officer gravely handed the colors to the boy. "Uncle Sam presents these to a valued citizen. Never forget that you are a Yankee."

Pierre, being such a new citizen, did not quite understand the reference to Uncle Sam. But his heart gave a throb of pride, and he reverently took the colored silk into his grimy hands.

As he hopped back through the swamp road leading to the fields beyond, he thought: "Now I am really a Yankee. The tall man would not give me the flag if he had any doubt about it."

When he reached the log house it was growing dusk. The fat twins, his half sisters, were rolling over the floor, and Mme. Bourdo busied herself in getting supper. The stout Canadian woman still showed some traces of her comely girlhood. Jean Bourdo's heavy figure lounged by the stove, a grievous obstacle both to his wife and the tumbling twins.

"Jean Bourdo," said Pierre, "would you not like to be a soldier!"

"A good question! And if I went to the war, who would earn bread for you to eat?"

"Jules says that if my father's money had been well managed it would support all."

Jean turned angrily. "Jules is crazy! And as for your father, Pierre Beaudrie, he did so much burrowing into old books that he had no time to plow the land or collect fees from the clients."

The woman stopped him. "The notary made a good husband, though he was old enough to be my father. In his time I lived like a lady."

Pierre had hidden the flag under his jacket, and now he climbed the ladder to the loft and put the silk beneath his pillow. He returned to the lower room, the family had supper and Jean, lighting his pipe, said:

"Pierre, go you to bed. I have company tonight, and tomorrow you must be up early to help the thrashers."

Plover Pierre kept nearly as early hours as the plovers themselves. Tonight, moreover, he was willing to be alone, for he had plenty to think about. He pulled himself up the ladder as nimbly as could most boys who had two legs. After admiring the bright flag he carefully laid it away among his few belongings and soon was in bed.

Visions of war and soldiers filled his excited brain. The friendly officer ceased to be an awe inspiring monseigneur; now he was merely a good comrade, and they were fighting for the same beloved country. Pierre himself, bestride a gallant white charger and holding aloft the emblematic flag, led ranks of horsemen to victory.

The restless boy, tossed by such fancies, must have lain awake for a long time, when he was recalled to himself by hearing a door open and some one enter the room below. Again and again visitors arrived, until there must have been ten men assembled in the lonely cabin.

So many visitors were unusual, and Pierre, at first without meaning to turn eavesdropper, heard enough of their talk to rouse his suspicions. Getting quietly out of bed he put his eye to a crack in the floor and listened.

The men had arranged their business and were about to leave. When they had all risen, one of them spoke to Jean Bourdo:

"Remember, Bourdo, how it is settled. We are to meet here tomorrow afternoon at 5—twenty men, armed and on good horses. You, in what disguise you please, are to ride with us, guide us to St. Albans by the shortest road and point out the village banks. We will do the rest. For doing this you are to receive $100. If there seems danger of your being implicated, you can cross the line into Canada, and we will make good all your losses."

Bourdo was satisfied and the men went out.

Plover Pierre, listening overhead, trembled with excitement. He felt sure this was a plot against his new Yankee land—a plot which might compel him to return to Canada. He comprehended that there was trouble ahead for St. Albans, and that the people must be warned. Indeed, he had heard the conspiring of those desperate and irresponsible men, who in 1864, under no authority from Richmond or any government, planned to sweep down from Canada, surprise the village of St. Albans, Vt., and rob its banks.

The boy crept noiselessly back to bed, but it was long before he slept. When he did, the flag, the officer, the conspirators and the fated banks pushed their benign and hateful influences into his dreams.

All the next morning Pierre was busy helping the thrashers. Jean would have kept him at work during the afternoon as well, but at 4 o'clock the boy contrived to escape from the barn. Slipping away to the house he got his flag from the loft where he had left it.

He tried to think of some way of warning St. Albans before the men who were to leave at 5 could reach there. Lame as he was, it was impossible to walk the fifteen miles in time. Bourdo, he knew, would take the young brown mare, their only horse. Even now he was grooming her in the stable. Pierre was almost in despair, when he remembered that old Jules, their neighbor, had a horse. To be sure it was old and somewhat stiff, but it was better than nothing. He would at once go to Jules and ask for the horse. But moments were precious, and there was no time for explanations. He knew where the animal was pastured and must take it without asking. Soon he had caught the old gray, slipped a bridle over its head, and scorning a saddle was bestride his steed.

Plover Pierre did not know the country well, but he was sure of the general direction in which St. Albans lay. As he galloped along, Pierre grew excited and was filled with joyous enthusiasm. The small figure on the gaunt gray horse was perhaps a travesty on his vision of the cavalry officer dashing at the head of his troops, but the boy was satisfied. His mission was a responsible one, and he was working for the cause in which he burned to distinguish himself.

He had pushed the flag under his jacket. Now he took it out, and tied it about him like an officer's sash. The people at the few farmhouses along the road stared at this apparition. After he had traveled what seemed to him a long distance, he got into a country where there were no farmhouses. The land was hilly, rough and used for pasturage alone.

Pierre had no watch, but he thought it must be nearly 6 o'clock. This could not be the main road to St. Albans. He climbed high hills and looked about, but he could see no village spires. While watching from one of these hills he saw far to the westward a body of horsemen cantering along a smooth road.

Pierre's heart sank within him. These were the raiders, and he was too late. His opportunity had come, and he had failed! Discouraged and limp in body, he rode sadly down to the highway where he had seen the horsemen, and followed it back toward his home.

As the raiders dashed through the outskirts of St. Albans the people stared in astonishment at the cavalcade of wild looking men carrying carbines, and with pistols stuck in their belts. Jean Bourdo, dressed as an Indian chief, all his dull wits sharpened by excitement, led them on.

They rode into the midst of the town. The villagers, unconscious of danger, did not molest them. Bourdo pointed out the different banks; these had closed for the day to the public, but the bookkeepers were still at their desks. The raiders overpowered them, broke open the safes and took what money they could hastily gather.

In half an hour they were galloping away, firing their pistols as they went. One citizen who appeared at his doorstep was shot and killed. But most of the bullets were fired high in the air. They soon passed the last house, and rapidly moved northward over the same road which Pierre had taken on his return home.

Jules' old horse was growing more and more lame. It was unshod, and this long journey had made its feet tender. Pierre did not like to urge it too much, and so had to be satisfied with a slow trot. The night would now have been quite dark had not a crescent moon shed an uncertain light on the brown fields and lingered about the bright silk which hung from the shoulder of a small boy perched on a tall, gray horse.

Dark patches of woodland bordered the road, and when Pierre was passing one of these, which he thought not far from home, he heard a clattering of hoofs behind him. He did not expect the raiders to return so soon, but he thought it must be they. The boy feared to let Bourdo see him.

A wood road led into the bushes, and Pierre, riding into this dark recess, halted some twenty yards from the road to let the horsemen pass. His horse was hidden by shadows; but the little moon slid down between the evergreens and lit up the gay colors of the flag.

The raiders were riding recklessly, singing and shouting. They were hilarious with success. Two young fellows brought up the rear of the galloping column. A startled owl flapped over their heads, and one aimed his carbine at the slowly moving bird.

"Jim, if we'd no orders not to fire I'd bring down that fellow."

"If I wanted to shoot," returned Jim "I'd take orders from no man. Hello! look into this path. Don't that look like the thing they call a flag up here?" He stopped his horse, raised a rifle and fired.

The two resumed their gallop and caught up with the main body. The captain looked back angrily, but did not stop to remonstrate. Already the sharp ear of Jean Bourdo had caught the sound of pursuing horses. They were only two miles from the Canada line when a troop of horsemen appeared on the brow of a hill a short distance behind them.

The robbers put spur to their horses: the better animals responded, but some could not, and their riders were overtaken, made prisoners and part of the money recovered. The better mounted men escaped into Canada. They, too, were finally captured and most of the booty returned to the banks.

Jean Bourdo left the raiders before they were overtaken, and no one suspected his connection with the "St. Albans raid."

The next morning Jules was surprised to find his gray horse, more lame than usual, waiting at the stable door. The old clerk went to the Bourdo house to ask Pierre if he knew anything about it. The boy was missing. Jules thought his absence and the travel worn condition of the horse were in some way connected. He returned to his stable, and with patient care followed back the track of the shoeless hoofs.

Slowly he traced the horse's path till he was led to the swamp beside the road. Here he found flag and boy, equally cold, and both pierced by a rifle bullet.

In the evening a friend strolled into the lieutenant's quarters at the recruiting station. "Here's news," he announced. "Roughs from Canada have robbed the St. Albans banks. One villager was killed, and this morning a boy cripple, wrapped in a flag and shot through the heart, was found near the road by which the raiders returned to Canada."

"A crippled boy with a flag!" cried the officer. He threw away his cigar and the next day he was moody and took little interest in the drilling.

The evergreen bushes stuck into the sand of the bay near the tamarack swamp dried and wilted, the plover uttered mournful cries, as they circled over the deserted beach, and the blue heron, wading along with drooping wings, found the oldtime relish for frogs was gone.

Plover Pierre had left them.—Francis S. Palmer in Harper's Weekly.

MY SWEETHEART.

No violet purples have so deep a hue
As do her angel painted eyes of blue,
A wild rose pink, a seashell's dainty grace,
Were borrowed to bewitch her bonny face.

Her lips were made for kisses—nothing more;
I'll tell her this forever, o'er and o'er.
Forever and a day I'll love her too,
Because her heart is mine—her heart so true.

She loves and lives, and lives and loves for me,
And for her sake I'll all things lovely be—
For her, my love, my angel, treasure, pearl,
Marie, my own, my darling baby girl.
—Margaret Andrews Oldham in Century.

East Indian Character.

Poor, conquered, degraded, there can be no people among whom it would be harder to learn respect for human nature. But yet the memory of the Indians, as it survives after a full consideration of all that is bad and sad, has in it more of hope than of despair. The Indians stand out in the traveler's mind, not by their poverty or degradation, but by their affection, their patience, their dignity, their capacity for admiration.

Their affection has been made notorious by many a tale. The nurses devote themselves, literally giving life, for the English nurse child. The servants endure any hardships to follow a master they love. Everywhere we seemed to see among them signs of a will to be clinging or affectionate, and their records are full of tales of loyalty and of generous devotion.

If now there are not as many instances of such affection as there were in the earlier days of the English occupation, it must be remembered, as a missionary said, that India has now fewer English graves, and that employers on their side more often break the bonds when they, with light heart, take their journey home, made shorter by steam and swift vessels. Their patience also has been told of again and again.—Nineteenth Century.

An Ample Apology.

I was present in the reporters' gallery of the house of commons one famous fighting night, when a famous fighting Irish member rose to denounce a speech delivered from the treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the government's representative were not altogether accurate, but his impetuosity led him on to phrase the Ananias accusation somewhat too concisely.

"Order, order," said the speaker of the house, as he rose in all the majesty of full bottomed wig and silken gown Again and again did the dauntless son of Erin return to his charge of willful misstatement. Again was he called severely to "order." It was a critical moment. His Irish colleagues did not wish him to be "suspended" for the rest of the debate, and they hinted so by vigorously tugging at his coattails.

Now it is a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tail of an Irishman's coat, saving in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good humored honorable member recognized the command of his party and sat down, delivering this beautiful Parthian dart, "Very well, sir; I obey your ruling, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"

That one touch of Irish oratory took the house by storm.—William Wilde in New York Recorder.

Spider Silk.

Mrs. White mentions as a great curiosity the dress made from spiders' webs presented to the queen by the empress of Brazil in 1877. Most certainly it is, and to most British minds such a thing might seem incredible, but if your correspondent were to visit Fiji, which is famous for its magnificent spiders, he might perhaps have less cause for wonder. The web made by the big yellow spider here is very large and strong, but in addition to the web proper, in which flies, mosquitoes, etc., are caught, it spins a cocoon of orange colored, silky, gossamerlike stuff, which, if taken up in the fingers, requires quite an effort to break. This stuff, I can conceive, might be woven into material for a dress Might not the dress in question have been composed of similar material made by the Brazilian spiders?

I can hardly even now believe that it could have been composed of what we understand to be the ordinary spider's web. I can quite imagine, however, that such a material might be of some commercial value, as one frequently hears complaints at the present day of a want of fineness in fibres or materials used for scientific purposes.—Fiji Cor. Notes and Queries.

A Wonder in Penmanship.

Among the curiosities preserved by the Minnesota Historical society is a lithographed copy of an engrossment of the emancipation proclamation. The engrosser, one W. H. Pratt, of Davenport, Ia., was so very skillful in his manipulations of the pen that he succeeded, by careful and exact shading of the letters, in producing a very excellent portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the author of the famous document, in the center of the copy. In other words the lettering itself is made to form a portrait of Mr. Lincoln. There were probably a large number of them originally struck off, but copies of it are now very rare. As a specimen of penwork it is certainly very unique.—St. Louis Republic.

Some Odd Looking English Hats.

Stubbs, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," describes a pleasing variety of new fashioned headgear—hats perking up like the spear or shaft of a temple; hats flat and broad on the crown, like the battlements of a house, and round crowns with bands of every color. This variety of shape consorted with an equal variety of material—silk, velvet, taffeta, sarsenet, wool and "a fine hair, which they call beaver, fetched from beyond the seas." Whoso had not hat of velvet or hat of taffeta was held of no account among the gilded youth of the time, and so common a thing was this ostentation in the matter of head covering that "every serving man, countryman or other, even all indifferently, did wear of these hats."—All the Year Round.

Buying Stamps in Hungary.

At the postoffice, where we went to buy our first Hungarian stamp, the gossiping old postmaster and his wife—characters not unfamiliar in the rural offices in other countries—were so overwhelmed by the extent of our requirements and the number of our letters that the wheels of official machinery refused to work at all. After they had carefully read all the addresses, and had marveled long at the range of our correspondence, we succeeded in communicating to their dazed senses the fact that we wanted to buy a stock of stamps of various denominations.

"What! so much money for stamps? Impossible!" protested the old man and his echoing wife. "You are already sending away florins and florins' worth on these letters!"

"But we want a stock of stamps to keep for our convenient use," we urged.

"Yes, yes, you want to use them, but why don't you buy them as you need them?" was the reply, as he shut the drawer under his elbow, apparently loath to part with any of its precious contents.

Arguments were useless, and we gave up the notion of securing a variety and tempered our demand to a humble request for a few ten kreutzer stamps for foreign postage.

"Ah, no!" he said. "I can't let you have any ten kreutzer stamps, for the sheets haven't been broken into yet, and it is near the end of the month, when I make up my books, and I can't have my accounts confused by selling ten kreutzer stamps to any one."

We compromised on a double number of five kreutzer stamps, the ones in use for local postage, and ornamented our envelopes with effigies of Franz Josef until they looked like the walls of a chromo dealer's shop.—F. D. Millet in Harper's.

A Bad Trait.

The absentminded writer, who, after filling a sheet of paper with what to him at least is valuable literature, tears it up without knowing what he is doing and throws the bits of paper in a wastebasket, recently brought confusion and horror into his existence by one of his "thinkless" actions. He had completed an article of several thousand words and had finished "looking it over" and making changes and corrections in it. Then he sat back and let his mind dwell on the subject upon which he had been working, and working very hard and for some time too. As he mentally reviewed the whole article his fingers began to do deadly work with the manuscript. They tore it all into the finest bits and threw them away.

Then the man got up with a sigh of content that the work was completed to his satisfaction. Not until the next day, when he went to his desk to take out the manuscript, did he discover how much his terrible vice of absentmindedness had cost him. All his labor and pains were gone in fragments of worthless paper, and the thought made him faint and sick. And yet he himself declares that there is no help for him. He considers himself a "hopeless case" and tries to make the best of a bad trait—a straying and capricious mind.—New York Tribune.

Historic Expressions.

The mace is an emblem of authority and use in our congress as well as in the English parliament, and though it is merely a symbol it commands respect; but it was never so insulted as when Oliver Cromwell stalked into the English house to disperse the members and dissolve the parliament. The mace lay in its regular place, and when Cromwell saw it he must have sneered at the petty symbol, for he called one of his soldiers and ordered, "Take away that bauble." So, as the mace was carried out, the doors were locked and parliament effectually dissolved.

The message of Commodore Perry is better known. The battle of Lake Erie had taken place, and the British fleet were defeated. Then the commodore sent to General Harrison, grandfather of the present president, his famous dispatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." It was but a little longer than Cæsar's, "I came, I, saw, I conquered."

An English general, however, made the record for brevity when, after he had conquered the province of Scinde, in India, he sent a punning dispatch in the one word, Peccavi, which, as our young Latin students know, means, "I have sinned."—Harper's Young People.

The Advantages of Old Costume.

We should like to call attention not only to the picturesqueness, but to the convenience of the male costume during the first twenty-five years of the Sixteenth century. Many of our doctors are assuring us that an extraordinary amount of pulmonary disease is due to the fact that men are in the habit of going about of an evening much more lightly dressed than during the daytime, wearing waistcoats of a thinner material and open in front upon the chest, precisely the part of the body which should be most protected.

Now the doublet screens the chest from every wind, and can be made of the lightest material in summer and of the heaviest in winter. It is quite true that the legs were more exposed than they are at present; but at the same time if we study minutely the drawings and engravings of the Sixteenth century we observe that in winter the men are represented as either wearing worsted stockings, gaiters, or long boots.—London Saturday Review.

Ma's Boy Talks.

Mrs. Gaddaboutt—Has your ma called on those new neighbors yet?

Boy—No, an she won't neither. She says they wouldn't 'a' returned your call ef they'd been anybody worth knowing.—Good News.

Judging a Man.

It is safer to judge a man by his walk and conversation woven together, rather than by the warp of his walk or the woof of his conversation alone.—Good Housekeeping.

Dr. Howe and the Prussians.

It was his presence of mind, when arrested and imprisoned by the Prussian government on suspicion of befriending unhappy Poland, that taught Dr. Howe what to do with the important papers he carried. In the minute during which he was left alone, before the officials came to search him, he thrust the documents up into the hollow head of a bust of the king of Prussia which stood on a shelf; then tore some unimportant papers into the smallest possible fragments and threw them into a basin of water which stood close at hand.

Next day the fragments carefully pasted together were shown to him, hours having been spent in the painful and laborious task, but nobody thought of looking for more papers in the head of the King Friedrich Wilhelm.

Dr. Howe, though nothing could be proved against him, might have languished long in that Prussian prison had it not been for the exertions of a fellow countryman. This gentleman had met him in the street the day before, had asked his address and promised to call on him. Inquiring for him next day at the hotel, he was told that no such person was or had been there. Instantly suspecting foul play, this good friend went to the American minister and told his story. The minister took up the matter warmly and called upon the Prussian officials to give up his countryman. This, after repeated denials of any knowledge of the affair, they at length reluctantly consented to do. He was taken out of prison at night, placed in a carriage and driven across the border into France, where he was dismissed with a warning never to set foot in Prussia again.—Laura E. Richards in St. Nicholas.

Feminine Stage Robbers, Maybe.

For the past three years the roads leading over the mountains between Salmon City, Ida., and the Montana line have been infested with a band of highwaymen who have stopped stage after stage, and have not yet been caught by the officers or prevented from continuing their work. The band has worked a little differently from most of the western highwaymen, and have always made such a show of numbers that resistance has been impossible. Never has a robbery been committed that there were not at least six people in it, and in several instances there have been eight. All efforts to find the headquarters of the band have proved unavailing.

One peculiarity has been noticed, and that is that a shot had never been fired during any of the raids of these robbers. A stage on the road from this city to Boise City was robbed a short time ago, and one of the messengers declares two of the robbers were women dressed as men. This may solve the whole problem, for it is possible that the deeds are done by women, and the sheriff has set to work on this clue. There is a ranch about half way between here and the state line where stages stop both ways to get dinner, and this ranch is run by a man named Harvey, who is assisted by his wife and six daughters. It is now the intention to set a close watch on this ranch.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hungarian Types of Beauty.

The Hungarian women are among the most beautiful in the world. They are not languishing, diaphanous creatures, composed of cobwebs and the odor of musk, with a sickly pallor or a hectic flush in their cheeks. No, erect and straight as a candle, hearty and vigorous to the core, they are pictures of good health and abounding vitality. They are gifted with small feet, full arms, plump hands with taper fingers, and wear long braids. The sun has spread a reddish golden tint or a darker tone over the complexion. The Hungarian woman is not a beauty of classical contour, nor does she perhaps frequently present a riddle to the psychologist, and ethereal poets will scarcely find a theme in her for hypersentimental reveries.

She is rather the vigorous embodiment of primeval womanhood. As her exterior, so her whole character is enchantingly fresh and positive. She likes to eat well, is fond of a drop of wine, takes naturally to swimming, dancing gymnastics, and has not the least objection to being admired. Grace and beauty know no difference between high and low, and often bestow upon a poor, barefooted, short skirted peasant girl (with her face framed in a kerchief tied under her chin) the same enchanting form, the same graceful walk, the same magically attractive glance as upon her more favored sister.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Advantages of a Married Life.

In the five years of life between the ages of twenty and twenty-five the mortality of unmarried men is 1,174 in 100,000, and of married men only 597. From twenty-five to thirty the numbers respectively are 1,396 and 865. These figures are derived from the death register of Scotland, but the proportion of the bachelor to the benedict death rate is believed to be about the same in this country. Taking the whole of the married men and the whole of the unmarried men from the age of twenty to the close of life, it is computed that the lives of the former average 59½ years, while those of the latter average only forty years—a difference of 19½ years in favor of married men; that is, marriage increases the average duration of a man's life by one-half, lacking six months.—Philadelphia Press.

Artificial Fog Producers.

A certain Herr Paul Riehm has invented a mist or fog ball with which to envelop your enemy in a deep mist—nay, even a thick fog. These fog balls are easily broken spheres, containing ammonia and acids, which, upon escaping, create a fog that envelops all around it until blown away by the wind. Battles, though, are not always fought on windless, calm days. But, says the inventor, with this fog around them it will be impossible for the enemy to find the range, or to reply to the fire of the attack.—New York Telegram.

Variations in Climate.

In the capricious climates of our temperate latitudes a just determination and comparison form a baffling task. Observations, more or less systematic with instruments, have been made of climatological features for about 100 years, but on a general co-operative plan they have been carried on imperfectly for less than a third of that time, or about the period within which some observers suppose a round of meteorological changes is accomplished for a single locality. Popular opinions are founded most largely on haphazard recollections of vague impressions that cannot be depended upon; and even if we had accurate records in place of these they could not be used to determine the trend of climate on account of the short time they cover.

It has happened more than once during that time that a series of seasons of a peculiarly marked character has been followed abruptly by a series of opposite character, nullifying the conclusions that may have been taking shape from the former series. The speculations concerning a decrease of rainfall in the United States in consequence of the removal of the forests have been disturbed by the recent prevalence in part of the disforested area of a succession of seasons of heavy and continuous rains.—W. H. Larrabee in Popular Science Monthly.

How the Drumfish Drums.

At a meeting of the Berlin Physiological society Professor Moebius described a most peculiar specimen of the finny tribe—Baliste aculeatus—the drumfish. They are found only in the waters of the harbor of Mauritics, and when caught and held in the hand they emit a most "striking" noise—a sound resembling that produced by tapping the head of a tenor drum. A careful examination of this strange creature fails to reveal any movement of the mouth, the only motion observable being just behind the gill slit, where a continuous vibration of the skin may be seen. The portion of the skin which vibrates stretches from the clavicle to the bronchial arch. This is provided with four large bony plates and lies just over the air or "swim bladder."

Behind the clavicle is a curiously shaped long bone, which is attached by the middle to the clavic muscle in such a manner as to form a lever with two arms. The long arm of this horny lever is imbedded in the ventral trunk muscles and is capable of easy movement to and fro. The short arm slides during this movement over the rough inner side of the clavicle, which gives rise to a cracking noise which can be plainly heard at a distance of twenty feet.—St. Louis Republic.

Preaching Over Old Sermons.

The scandal arising from bought sermons, which unfortunatly are often sold in duplicate and even triplicate, has caused at least one bishop henceforth to forbid their use in his diocese. He has no objection to his clergy preaching the sermons of other divines if the authorship is acknowledged, and even considers that an original discourse once a week is as much as can be reasonably expected from the average curate; but there must be no duplicity in the matter. There has always been a danger in the purchasod sermon.

Recognition of the borrowed work, if from a well known source, is also always possible, or nearly always. A Welsh curate confessed to the following ingenious plan for evading it, which must, however, have given him a great deal of trouble: "I've got a volume of sermons by one Tillotson, and a very good book it is; so I translate them into Welsh and then back again into English, after which Tillotson himself would not know them again."—Illustrated London News.

Exercise in the Open Air.

"A man should take exercise in the open air if possible," said he enthusiastically, "but some kind of violent exercise just before going to bed. There is no medicine that will do him as much good or put him to sleep quicker. When I was a boy I smoked a great deal, and finally became so nervous at twenty-one that I couldn't keep the covers on my bed at night. The doctors told me to quit cigars and take exercise. I followed their advice. I never go to bed now without taking a handspring or two and swinging the clubs, and I sleep like a top."

This man is a reporter on a New York daily paper, and his suggestion cuts a new artery for gentlemen of that sedentary occupation.—New York Herald.

Pavements of Jerusalem.

The principal pavements made in Palestine are in Jerusalem, and it is only within recent years they have been constructed in accordance with anything like modern requirements. The superior and massive Roman pavements, over 2,000 years old and still in fair preservation, are here not taken into consideration. The material for streets is stone, cut about the size and shape of ordinary bricks or a little larger. This is laid in sand, the long and narrow side up. The stone used is the well known Jerusalem marble. The cost varies from one to two dollars per square yard. The foundation is almost invariably the rubbish of the ancient city, which has accumulated during centuries. — Philadelphia Ledger.

Can't Always Depend on What You See.

While it is very reasonable to trust the verdict of our consciousness, yet it is equally desirable that this confidence should be accompanied by an understanding of the conditions under which the evidence is presumably valid and when likely to mislead. Sense deception, faulty observation, exaggeration, neglect, fallacy, illusion and error abound on all sides and emphasize the need of a calm judgment, a well equipped intellect, a freedom from haste and prejudice, an appreciation of details and nice distinctions, in the determination of truth and the maintenance of mental health.—Professor Joseph Jastrow in Popular Science Monthly.

The Superior

remedy
for all diseases
originating in
impure blood;
the

MEDICINE

which
may always
be relied upon
to give the best
satisfaction,
is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Cures others, will cure you

The Conemangh, third and last American relief ship for starving Russia, will sail from Philadelphia Wednesday or Thursday. The cargo will be worth about $65,000.

Authority has been issued to E. B. McGuire, William J. Brown and A. L. Wilson to organize the Merchants' Exchange bank, with a capital stock of $25,000, at Sparta, Ills.

The Spanish government has agreed to exhibit at the Chicago fair a model of Columbus' caravel.

The Reading Iron works' large mill and puddling department at Reading, Pa., has resumed operations. The puddlers, who received $3.75 per ton heretofore, will resume at $3.40. The mill had stopped for repairs.

A company with $500,000 capital is being organized in Saginaw, Mich., which will engage in the manufacture of beet sugar.

W. E. Fishell of Kansas, Ills., a brakeman on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, was fatally hurt at Watseka, Ills., while making a coupling.

Bonje H. Bon jes, a wealthy and respected resident of Peoria, Ills., has been taken from the river dead. He left home Friday morning without saying anything to any one, and the presumption is that he committed suicide, as he had been in poor health and very morose of late. He was 54 years old.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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HIGH COURT OFFICERS

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Lanzale, H C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, [illegible] C S.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Newson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 183 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M F Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George E Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 431 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 333 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Schiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garoean, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 605 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Kielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 40th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Reusch, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 556 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Lalor, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Sloiden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 35 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Duquine, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Fick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Miersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brasciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 96 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 93 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington-st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

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Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 338 S. Leavitt st; Thomas O'Connell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P.; Patrick Foley, Sec., 2862 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 9—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Rielly, Rec. Sec., 325 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Luggan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each of month at 3 p m in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, 8 Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Timothy Burke, Pres., 4716 Bishop st; Patrick Cummings, V. P.; D. O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; John B. O'Connor, Fin Sec.; Simon Nevile, Treas.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., James Thomas, 3902 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet First Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4456 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Hoskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Daily; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5508 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Fierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

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Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st. at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher, rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st, fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 978 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 949 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; Fin sec, Thos. Moran Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourt; Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larned Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Brooks st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 2 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P. H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thos. Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Foley, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. J. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes; Marshal, E. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1870. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts Pres, Thomas J. Ryan, 186 S May st.; Sec, James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., James Flynn; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, J. H. Shannon.

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U. S. Pension and Claim Agent
69 DEARBORN-ST. CHICAGO.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY, ATTORNEY, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Superior Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1892. Martha J. Eldridge vs. Frank N. Eldridge. In Chancery. No. 139,542.

Affidavit of the non residence of Frank N. Eldridge, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Frank N. Eldridge that the complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court, against said defendant, returnable at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of June next (1892) as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said Frank N. Eldridge, shall personally be and appear before said Superior Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof to be holden at Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of June, 1892, and plead, answer, or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill. P. McGRATH, Clerk.

George B. Hennessy, Complainant's Solicitor.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARIA TENNIE ALIAS MATtie Gaynor, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Maria Tennie alias Mattie Gaynor, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1892, being the 20th day hereof.

Dated Chicago, April 11, 1892.

CHARLES I. DUER, Administrator,
David Sullivan, Attorney.

WILLIAM E. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, ROBERT P. BATES.

MASON, ENNIS & BATES,
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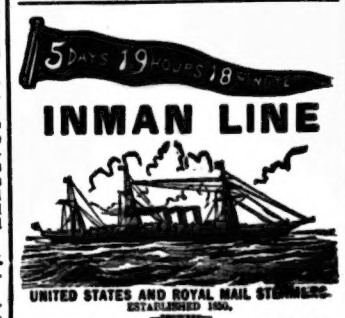

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A 5 Gallon Keg Fine Table Syrup	$1.19
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Sliced Evaporated Apples, per lb	5 cents
Fancy Pitted Cherries, per lb	15 cents
Fancy Evaporated Raspberries, per lb	19 cents
English Currants, per lb	4 cents

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2-lb cans White Table Peaches	8½ cents	$1 00
Extra Fine Mushrooms, All Buttons	18 cents	2 00
3-lb cans Lily Yellow Table Peaches	9¾ cents	1 14
3-lb cans Durm Y Peaches	10 cents	1 20
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2-lb cans Grated Pineapples	11 cents	1 30
3-lb cans California Egg Plums	12 cents	1 40
Gallon cans New York Apples	17 cents	2 00
3-lb cans Finest California Peaches	15 cents	1 80
Sardines in Oil	3¾ cents	.45
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	5 cents	.57
2-lb cans Springville Peas	6 cents	.69
Fredonia Lima Beans	4 cents	.48
3-lb cans Tom toes	7 cents	84
3-lb cans Eagle Fancy Tomatoes	8 cents	95
2-lb cans Oxford Lima Beans	9 cents	1 05
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Good Stove Polish, per package	2 cents
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Standard Family Soap, per bar	3 cents
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A Good Scrub Brush	3 cents
Eagle's Standard Soap, per bar	4 cents
An extra good Tack Hammer	5 cents
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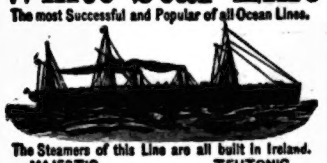

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